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An Interrupted Hone

By Mason Ray

"I don't know you!" she burst forth. "I never saw you before in my life!"

Her dark eyes blazed. Her splendid form, developed by outdoor sports, shrank back from him in horror. Yet there was nothing sinister in the appearance of Palmer Bradlee, who confronted her at the open door. He was big and blond and dignified. His gray-blue eyes were wide and clear and honest, but, at that moment, deep with trouble. Astonished, he stared at the woman he had married, two months before, in their chosen church, amid relatives and friends. Even then they were in Cairo on an extended honeymoon, and Ilah, his beloved bride, stared back at him without a hint of recognition, while her handsome face darkened with terror and repulsion at his intrusion. His distressed mind groped for an explanation of her conduct—and found it.

"Ilah," he told her calmly, "you are suffering from a relapse of the Egyptian fever. It affects the brain. Dearest, the fever's accountable for this strange illusion. You must sleep. We'll recall Doctor Treswick and he'll prescribe an opiate."

"It's you that's insane!" she retorted. "No one but a maniac would make your absurd claim. Go! Go, before I ring for men to put you out."

She believed him to be unbalanced, a harmless lunatic with illusions. He realized that argument was useless, and he wished to consult the English physician who had already treated his wife for a touch of the dread fever. At that time they had been emphatically warned.

"Keep out of the vertical sun rays," the Doctor had ordered. "It's madness to linger later than the tenth hour."

Added to that he denied them certain articles of food and drink. They were to abjure salads washed in the feverish giving water of the region. He advised bottled spring water and forbade the thick, aromatic coffee of the East. But their healthy appetites craved the salads and coffee and copious draughts of water; and their prolonged tramps thrice had prostrated themselves in the nearest shade. They persisted in injudicious acts, altho Ilah knew about the brain-destroying fever.

This was her second visit to the land of deadly sun and unwholesome water. Two years before she had been chaperoned abroad by L. L. Burton and his wife. It had been a delightful experience, so she urged Cairo as a stop-over, she had sentimentally selected the same hotel, and even her former room. Two weeks had passed, and that forenoon they had tramped miles sight-seeing, had drunk from public cisterns, had tarried till the luncheon hour, and now had come this ghastly trouble.

Down in the hotel office Bradlee, by 'phone, summoned Doctor Treswick. The keen, swarthy physician almost immediately appeared, and the two talked in the deserted lobby.

"I warned you," grunted the Doctor. "You've disregarded. Now your wife's irrational. You see it's not the physical

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"They stop here," said the girl, and her tone denoted surprise at his ignorance. "They have Room 38, across the hall from me."

"Impossible!" said the clerk. They heard him push forward a heavy object —the hotel register. "There are the Sep-

tember arrivals," said he, "but there are no Burtons with us."

"I don't understand," Mrs. Bradlee faltered. Instantly the physician entered the office and stepped to her side.

"Show the lady your list for 1912," commanded the Doctor.

The puzzled clerk hesitated, but a look from the physician sent him burrowing under the desktop of his walled inclosure. From a pile of old registers he unearthed the one desired, and opened it at the eleventh month. For a moment Ilah Bradlee bent above it her dark, graceful head and eagerly scanned the open page.

"There they are—L. L. Burton and wife," she triumphed. "You gave me the wrong book. Kindly tell Mrs. Burton when she comes that I wish to see her at once."

She turned away with a nod of thanks to the man who aided her about the registers, and was face to face with Palmer Bradlee. Twin flames leaped to her cheeks. She stood rigid with anger.

"That man pursues me," she accused. "He's mad. He entered my room just now and—and—" But the words choked her and hot blood dyed face and throat—"claims to be my husband. See to it that I am not annoyed," she told the clerk.

Her frightened glance rested a moment on the one she had met less than two years ago and had married and buried. He could see his costly engagement ring guarding the wedding band on her left hand. But he made no address her during her present mood. Instead, the English doctor barred her path and, toward the elevator she made a bold effort to win back memory.

"Mrs. Bradlee," he said, "I am Doctor Trenwick. Ten days ago I prescribed for incipient fever. Try to remember. You had an opiate and slept. It restored you. Let me prescribe again."

"You, too!" she cried in dismay. "I am beset by scoundrels. Anything you'd give would steal my self-control and its storing them. I'd be doped. Stand aside and let me pass."

She swept by him into the lift and was shot upward toward her room. Behind her she left an amazed day clerk and two men who believed to be her enemies, the physician and her husband.

"You see," Bradlee told the physician, "she imagines the Burtons are with her. She visited Cairo in their company exactly two years ago this very month. And the memory of those two years is wiped out, thanks to myself. My God, Doctor, what shall I do?"

White and wretched, he turned to the only one in Cairo who could help him. By some means his wife must be made to leave Egypt at once and in his company. Their passports made this imperative. And Europe's war cloud was spreading at an alarming rate. Instead of travelling before it across the Pacific, as he and Ilah intended, he must hurry her back home by the shorter route. All this was done over with Doctor Trenwick in a private conference, and the two outlined a plan.

It was [illegible]

[illegible] liner. It was made clear to her that she had barely time to catch the train to Alexandria and that the steamer's departure coincided with the hour she reached this port. A wave of anger at the deserting Burtons lent her strength.

She began preparations for leaving Cairo, but a solicitous maid was at her command, a maid who had removed Bradlee's scattered belongings and his smaller trunks. When the hotel's own railway coach that bore her northward Bradlee followed. His seat was distant, but he kept her in sight. At the steamer landing he looked after her baggage, and, had she known it, the passport of Palmer Bradlee and wife eased her way from a place suddenly alert because of impending war. But when he watched over the purchase of her ticket she forced herself to speak.

"You presume," she said coldly. "How dare you?" Her tone was dull and her senses blunted. The bromide served in her cocoa that morning was getting in its work. She barely reached her stateroom on the throbbing steamer when profound sleep closed her heavy eyes.

The next morning found her secure. Her unhappy husband was aware that the two preceding years were still a blank. Only dislike for the big, blond man who covertly attended to her comfort steadily increased. Frequently he intercepted her startled glances as she studied him beneath her dark lashes. Why had he kept at best? What could be his motive? Soon the steamer on her steamer chair to flee his presence. But the deck heaved, her feet were unsteady. She would have fallen had the big blond caught her in his arms. And at the contact he forgot his role.

"Ilah, my darling!" he breathed. "My poor girl!"

It was an error of judgment. She tore herself free, recoiling to the ship's rail, faced him with eyes aflame.

"You've schemed to trap a defenseless girl," she hissed. "I've heard of such. That fake physician and the hotel scoundrels were in your employ. What you've done for the Big Blond I don't know; but the rest is plain." She regarded him a moment in unutterable fury, then, her whole frame shaken by vehement denial. "You vile white slaver!" she charged and was silent.

Ashen with horror, Bradlee stepped forward and grasped her arm.

"Look at me. Do I appear capable of what you suggest?" he sternly demanded. "Even as myself. My God, Doctor, what shall I do?"

Her glance fell on the high-bred face and her diseased mind acquitted him.

"Perhaps not," she admitted. "But I hate you. To me you are repulsive. Cease your interference in my affairs."

She plunged to reach the nearest vestibule and disappeared, leaving her distressed husband to consider the future. It was fraught with difficulties. His years of law practice in [illegible]

[illegible] jostling humanity she had turned to him. He was overjoyed, but not a shade of expression hinted that naming her hotel and securing a conveyance meant more to him than an ordinary act of civility. He was completely off his guard. He rewarded her by relaxing vigilance. When later he inquired for her at the selected hostelry she was not there, had not been there. No one knew of the cab or driver. He had been fooled!

To Bradlee that was a busy afternoon and night. His former cables to Ilah's father were followed by lengthy night letters that fully explained and requested help. He could not believe that his wife had left the city, altho a west-bound train pulled out shortly after their ship docked. Moreover, his paid sleuths scented this idea, and continued to drag-net the metropolis. Thus the wretched night were to day and brought from Richard Deane a ten-word telegram. It read:

"Ilah wired from Buffalo to meet her. Follow at once."

So his brain-sick wife had outwitted him. Her self- she had caught the west-bound and doubtless planned the coup. She had bribed the driver to a hurried speed—and silence. Bradlee cursed his stupidity and raced for the self-same train. And, altho he won, he was a day behind the woman he wished to protect.

Meanwhile the wanderer arrived at her changed home, there presented herself in an assembled family council. They thought best to tear the veil from her forgotten past, for she plainly loved him. She loved her, but she must be brought to her senses. Ilah, the lucky one, must be reconciled to her husband and her palatial home. She had won a matrimonial prize, and, according to Bradlee's own confession, her stepfather negotiated the marriage. This was unthinkable. They argued with her and presented proof. She remembered all that had happened during her lapse of memory, but her dazed mind dwelt on a trivial matter.

"You all look so old!" she cried. "It makes me feel like Rip—the man who slept."

"Van Winkle slept twenty years while you've lost but two," said her father, catching at the comparison. "Before Bradlee comes you must believe what I tell you and act accordingly. Your duty—"

"No, no!" Ilah almost shouted. "I won't be the wife of a man I never consciously married, a stranger I despise and hate, that I've fled from! It's infamous!"

"Then where will you live?" Marjory demanded.

It was a pertinent question. She knew Ilah would rather die than share their luxurious wonted domicile. Besides, Hulda had married poor men. They had a room for the fortunate sister.

"Work," said her father, as she faced the circle of faces like an animal at bay. "Jane and Rutledge may need a stenographer. My old secretary—"

"No," said her father, with emphasis. "You can't insult Bradlee like that. See here; you must understand.

You married an honorable man, a man who is respected and known in two States. He's a lawyer of his profession. He honored you by selecting you for his wife, and you shan't shame him before the public. No one to ten would hear of your lapse in memory, not one in a thousand would correctly interpret your actions. Whether you remain Bradlee's place in your life or not you owe him consideration. You shall not quit him. You must go to his home. You will shelter you as no other place on earth until your illusion fades. After you recover you'll blame me for insisting on a course that will prevent gossip and save your husband's name." The language and tone were harsh, but he believed insanity required firmness.

"What you tell me to do is horrible, horrible!" gasped his afflicted daughter. "Understand, it is sending me to a house I never saw and into the power of a stranger!"

She broke down at this and wept with wild abandon. Cumulative shocks had finally undermined her splendid physical strength. By night she was seriously ill in her old room, attended by Doctor Oswald, the family physician. Bradlee came and summoned his own eminent doctor and a nurse, but he refrained from entering his wife's presence. Instead, he haunted the corridor where the white-

[illegible] cland nurse came and went about sick-room errands. Clients heard of his return and besieged him, but he turned them away. All that mattered was Ilah's recovery from the deadly typhoid. And while she was yet unconscious the physiclans gave him astonishing advice which amounted to an order.

"Take your wife home," they told him. "Her physical strength will pull her thru; but you must prepare for the mental cure. Let her recover consciousness in her own home. She will become accustomed to the idea—and you."

That was why Ilah opened clear eyes on luxurious surroundings, but her first question destroyed hope.

"Where am I?" she demanded.

"In your home, your husband's home," the nurse answered exactly as she had been instructed to answer.

Later, Ilah's father and Marjory and Huldah repeated this formula. Over and over this phrase was drilled into her plastic mind. As she became more convalescent luxuries of which she had never dreamed surrounded her. It was like a waking in the Arabian Nights. And Marjory, babe in arms, was ever present to harp on the desirability of wealth and its attributes.

"Where is the master of this place, this Bradlee?" she questioned Marjory one day, when the invasion she dreaded failed to occur. Sheer wonder at his effacement forced the words from her lips. "Where is he, Marjory?" she demanded.

"You'll never see Palmer Bradlee until you send for him," Marjory told her. "Bradlee is a gentleman."

"And I'm in his house, living on his bounty!" mused the invalid. She pondered this daily for a time and Marjory sewed and waited further speech; then she added: "He must be a good man. For his sake you help me remember!"

But the day came when Ilah Bradlee dared not order solitary meals. Decency urged her to join her husband in the dining-room. Clearly she owed her host and husband courteous behavior, the ordinary courtesy of a guest. So she assembled herself back of Marjory, and descended the wide stairs to her first dinner with the man she loathed.

His eager eyes met hers. He beheld a pale, handsome woman with high-coiled black hair and tensely closed lips. Her dress had been selected. Interesting eyes beheld a finely proportioned man of evident refinement, the blond type that had carried her across half a continent and who unaccountably inspired her with hate. She shrank back when he solicitously loaded her chair and held her to her seat, but he quickly gained his own at a distance and the feeling passed.

Presently Marjory and her brother-in-law talked of new books, their authors and their merits, and the silent and almost silent wife wondered at Bradlee's knowledge. It seemed he had the world at his command under a mild mask and could dissect its motives. He possessed a master mind and courtly exterior, but to her it was the mechanism of a machine antagonism of soul. The thought that he was in truth her husband, that she had lain in his arms, maddened her with shame. She longed to shriek out in horror and rush from the place.

Day by day this illogical, sickening impulse grew until her whole mind centered on escape. No matter what the cost—to him—she must be his ex-wife. She felt degraded, an interloper, for receiving from him lavish favors while she intensely disliked him. She determined to depart from his home and the city. But how? Faithful servants anticipated her every move. She watched for an unguarded moment, but the household seemed argus-eyed.

Then Bradlee asserted his authority. He began to take her out in his bag car. It was time that his wife appeared with him in public. Subtle to escape functions were refused on the plea of Ilah's ill health; but her handsome face began to show vivid color and animation, and a low murmur of incredulity swept across the city. Why was Palmer Bradlee's wife a recluse? Gossip-mongers began to talk. Marjory discovered this and sharply lectured the cause.

"You married the prince of men and you're a curse to him," she scolded. "You're strong and well, even if you can't recall your actual marriage. Have sense. Treat Palmer as he deserves."

"I'm deadly tired of hearing you chant his praises," said Ilah. Then she wearily added, "It makes me wish Egyptian fever was fatal."

Shortly after that came the opportunity she craved. Bradlee changed to remain at his office preparing an important brief. During the servants' dinner hour she secured a wrap and fled into a driving snow that blinded the city. Her clothing, because of haste, was inadequate, but her purse held but a few dollars of the sum handed her in Cairo. She dared not draw on the amount for cab hire. She walked fast in the direction of the nearest depot under snow-scattered arc-lights.

The white storm beat in her face and clogged her steps and turned the streets into a dim, unreal world that was like nothing she had ever seen. It confused her. Instead of moving toward the point she desired, her uncertain feet strayed into unknown avenues. She grew bewildered of body and mind. Her senses

Another great Keeneyes detective story in next week's Ledger, "THE WINDFAIR MYSTERY; or, KEENEYES IN DISGUISE," by J. Breckenridge Ellis. It is a most fascinating, mysterious story. Be sure and read it.

(Continued on Page 21.)

COLONEL WADE'S DAUGHTER

-:- Or, -:-

The Stolen Birthright

By Marquis James

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CHAPTER V.

BY THE time the train rolled under the great shed of the Union Station at New Orleans Sturgis had outlined to Patrice his proposed procedure and she had approved it. The detective had taken formal charge of the case. The United States mails had been used in furtherance of a criminal conspiracy. Federal statutes had been infracted, and, therefore the task of apprehending the parties to the cabal and obtaining evidence to convict them came conveniently within the pale of Sturgis' professional activities.

Patrice was to proceed at once to Sturgis' home, where she was to be the guest of the detective's mother while he prosecuted his search for the imperiled matter of Wade Hall. After Patrice had been left safely with Mrs. Sturgis, Camden would hasten to the Monteleone Hotel, for he was eager for the interview with Thibidoux.

Further action, he told Patrice, hinged upon the developments of that meeting. Impulsive Patrice was for the immediate arrest of Henri, on the evidence contained in the letter she held.

"That would not be best," counseled Sturgis. "In matters of this kind we must bide our time. I am sure I can get Thibidoux any time I wish to lay my hands on him. I would like to let him play our little game a while. There are others to this conspiracy. We must get them, and before that we must have the evidence. But never fear, we'll give them enough rope and they will hang themselves."

Patrice was swayed by these profound conclusions.

"Here," she said. "You take this letter. It's our only evidence, as you say, and therefore is priceless. I do not want to be responsible for it. My father's life is at stake."

"No, you keep it, Miss Wade," replied Sturgis. "Mother will take care of it when we reach home. I don't want it with me when I go to meet Thibidoux. In this business we take no chances."

A porter gathered up their traveling bags and Sturgis led the way out of the car and assisted Patrice down the steps at the Union Station. The luggage was turned over to a zealous negro youth, conspicuous for his red cap, whom Sturgis directed to pilot them to a taxi. They passed thru the bustling waiting-room in the wake of the red cap, and drew up before a chugging autocab at the curb. The station runner passed the baggage up to the chauffeur, tipped his cap with a grinning "Thank yuh, suh," as Sturgis palmed him a dime, and then vanished.

Camden helped Patrice into the cab, and was about to step in himself when some one touched his arm recently.

"Mr. Sturgis?"

"Yes," replied the detective.

"I will detain you only a moment," said the stranger, drawing the secret service man a few paces aside.

The stranger, who introduced himself by some name Sturgis did not catch or endeavor to do so, asked a trifling question or two of a case Sturgis recently had figured in and which had been favored with considerable newspaper attention. Sturgis set it down to the account of mere curiosity, a commonplace happening in the lives of detectives, and shouldered thru the crowd to the cab that he had engaged.

He spoke his address to the driver and with a wave of his hand entered the cab door. The taxicab was empty! Sturgis felt into its farthest dark recesses. Patrice was not there.

"Where is the young lady who was in this cab?" he demanded of the driver. "Where did she go?"

"Where is she?" repeated the chauffeur in amazement. "Ain't she inside there?"

"She is not."

"The devil she ain't! Say, are you trying to kid me?"

Sturgis' rather vitriolic reply purged the chauffeur's mind of any doubt it might have entertained as to his patron's seriousness. But still unable to believe that the client could have left the cab, the driver quit his seat and peered into the car itself. He was mystified.

Can't explain it, sir," he agreed, after Sturgis had identified himself by exhibiting his star. "Strangest thing that ever happened."

"Did any one approach this machine during my brief absence?"

"Not a soul. I am positive of that."

"Did any other car drive up close alongside?"

"No—well, now—yes, there did," confessed the chauffeur, contradicting himself by stages. "A machine did come up alongside, as you say, and stalled for a moment. Engine trouble, I reckon. In fact, they sideswiped me, and I cussed the driver out for knocking the paint off my new buggy. I own this car, sir, and just had her done over."

"Ah, now we are getting down to cases," remarked Sturgis, eying the driver keenly. "Sideswiped you, knocked the paint off your newly painted car, you cussed out the driver for his carelessness? Is that right?"

"That's correct, sir."

"Rather unusual occurrence, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then how do you reconcile your statements?" Sturgis shot the question at the taxi driver like the crack of a whip. "First you say not a soul approached this machine. Then, on second thought, you recall this unusual happening. Which statement am I to believe?"

The poor chauffeur's countenance was the picture of misery.

"Everything I said is true," he stammered, "'pon my word of honor, sir. When you asked me if anybody came near the car I couldn't really believe the young lady was gone. And as to the sideswiping, I never thought——"

The helpless man gulped. Prison doors yawned before him.

"I never thought," he gasped, "that that could have been a trick to kidnap her!"

"What kind of a car was it, and which way did it go?" questioned Sturgis, taking a new tack.

"Why, just one of the regular cars on the stand here," replied the chauffeur, gathering courage born of hope. "I didn't note which one, I'm sorry to say, and can't swear as to who was driving, either. You see, my fare was gone in a minute. Shot down Rampart street like greased lightning."

"Come with me," ordered Sturgis, sharply. "We must find out what car that was, its number and the descriptions of the men who hired it. Let's talk to some of the drivers here."

"Gladly, sir," said the chauffeur, his fears of arrest assuaged.

The unfortunate man began to mumble apologies which Sturgis did not stop to heed, for he began his investigations at once. Most of the machines about the depot stand had accumulated fares, however, and whirled away. The drivers of those that remained were subjected to rigorous cross-examinations. Sturgis did not get all the information he sought, but he got part of it. No one, apparently, had witnessed the abduction, but a station boy testified to carrying luggage for two men who hurriedly had chartered a cab, which the boy later noticed in difficulties with another vehicle at the curb.

His description of one of the men tallied almost exactly with that of Henri Thibidoux. The other, according to the negro, was a "l'l beady-eyed gunnelman."

In the "l'l beady-eyed gunnelman" Sturgis evinced great interest. The red cap's information, however, was meager.

All trails the detective picked up at the station led speedily to blind ends. No hope from that source. This is not saying the secret service man had reached the end of his resources. Sturgis had won marked recognition for his ability to think on his feet, to reason and act his way quickly out of puzzling dilemmas. He glanced at his watch. It was seven-fifty-five.

"The Monteleone Hotel," he said to the taxi driver who had accompanied him on his researches, "and get there in five minutes—at any cost!"

Sturgis stepped into the car from which Patrice had been kidnaped, and was hurled back into the seat as the driver threw the clutch wide open and the car sprang forward like a thing alive.

Sturgis sniffed the air inside the car. "Chloroform!" he exclaimed. "And a mighty neat job of it!"

The taxicab bounded over the uneven pavements until it reached St. Charles avenue. It skimmed down that aristocratic thorofare, dashed across broad Canal street, sending pedestrians scurrying, and shunted into narrow, quaint Royal street—which is the name St. Charles assumes after it crosses the Canal street frontier into the vieux carre, as the French quarter is called in New Orleans.

Abruptly the taxi drew up, and Sturgis was on the sidewalk in front of the white-tiled Monteleone an instant later.

"Wait for me here," he shouted to the driver, and vanished up the broad steps of the hostelry.

Sturgis stepped into a waiting elevator and ascended to the parlors on the second floor, which had been named as the place he was to meet Thibidoux. It was just eight o'clock, the stated hour, but Henri was not there. The detective dropped into a chair, deciding to wait a few minutes. He had known desperate criminals to do more audacious things than to keep appointments with detectives on their trails. Sturgis had a premonition that Thibidoux would show up. Like most detectives, he trusted even blindly at times in a "hunch." Not until he had waited thirty minutes did he abandon hope.

Thibidoux, however, had no intention of keeping his appointment. He utilized for his own purposes the precious moments Sturgis had lost in waiting.

At eight-thirty Sturgis stepped down into the lobby.

"Is Henri Thibidoux known here?" he inquired of the clerk.

"Thibidoux, the gambler?"

Sturgis nodded.

"Yes, but this is a poor place to find him. You see, we have a judgment against him for unpaid house account."

"Where would I be most likely to find him?"

"Well," calculated the clerk, "his habits of late are not so regular as they have been. He is working some game up in the parishes, I understand, and isn't in New Orleans once a week. A good place to find him when he is here, tho, is at Rigolet's, along about midnight or after," volunteered the hotel attache, naming a notorious gambling house in Iberville street. Sturgis had heard of the place, but he never had been there.

"Thanks," he told the man behind the counter, "I'll drop around and take a look."

He strolled out of the lobby, dismissed the chauffeur, taking charge of the grips—his own and the one which belonged to Patrice. He telephoned his mother not to expect him home that night, and strolled down Canal street toward the Federal building, where he intended taking the liberty of going thru Patrice's effects. No telling what will yield a clew when clews are badly needed. The letter Patrice had found was secure in the hands of Thibidoux. Fortunately, however, Sturgis recalled it almost verbatim.

Inside his office, he set the suitcases down and picked up a city directory. He ran his finger down a page of H's until it paused under his name:

"Binot, Prosper, M. D., res. Monteleone Hotel."

Without waiting to examine the contents of Patrice's suitcase, Sturgis left the office and retraced his steps toward the Monteleone Hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

I AM inquiring for [illegible] Binot, this
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fied the clerk.

"Then Dr. Prosper Binot resides at the Monteleone?"

"Lived here for several years," assured the clerk, "and until lately was our house physician. I will have the switchboard inquire if he is in his suite. Who shall I say wishes to see him?"

"Prof. Charles A. Seanlon, of Chicago," supplied Sturgis, producing a card to substantiate the alias. He never was unprepared in the matter of fictitious identities.

The clerk stepped to the telephone operator and returned in a moment with the word that Doctor Binot was not in his rooms, but was expected to return any minute.

"Will you have a seat and wait for him, Professor?" invited the clerk.

"Thanks," responded Sturgis, "I have been on the train all day and think it is more restful to stand. I trust I am not keeping you from your duties?"

"Not at all," assured the accommodating hotel man. "This job isn't so much this time of year. Hardly any travel at all coming our way, and all the town folks who can afford it spend July and August down on the coast. But in the fall business will pick up with the annual rush of winter tourists. And Mardi Gras! Why, we went on pompously, Sturgis thought, "we get tens of dollars a night for any kind of a room, and they're engaged weeks in advance. Ever seen a Carnival?"

"It has never been my privilege."

"Professor, you certainly have missed something! Nothing like it in this country. Oughta come down next year."

"I should like very much indeed," assured the bogus scholar. "But your gayeties are in February or March, I believe. Just now I am the busiest with my classes."

"Too bad," consoled the clerk. "By the way, Professor, what particular line of, er, learning do you han—I mean follow?"

"At present," returned the "Professor," profoundly, "I am prosecuting an exhaustive scientific inquiry into the more malignant types of febrific diseases peculiar to torrid, tropical and subtropical

He battered blindly.

climates. The subject, as I am aware, is colossal in its scope, the labyrinthine ramifications of the varied ailments indigenous to these climes being so extensive as almost to defy scientific collocation. My life, however, is dedicated to the task. I shall begin with a study of yellow fever, known among scholars by the Latin term, modus operandi, Doctor Binot. I had been informed, has been particularly successful in his work against that plague, hitherto common in your city——"

"Oh, yes, if it's the fevers you want to know about, see the Doctor. He's been thru two epidemics here," informed the bewildered clerk, at last able to edge in a word.

"You know Doctor Binot?"

"Sure! We're great friends."

Hotel clerks confess an approachable brotherhood generally, but a Southern hotel clerk is a lifelong and confiding friend fifteen minutes after you have met him. For Sturgis' purposes the man on night duty at the Monteleone was an admirable individual. The detective experienced no difficulty in turning the topic of conversation from science to—Dr. Prosper Binot. Presently he had gleaned some highly valuable information concerning the attributes of the Doctor, whom he was to meet at dinner.

The Doctor was a native Orleanian, according to the clerk's glib narrative, but had lived most of his years abroad, in Paris and in Central America—and consequently was not so well known in the city of his birth. There were stories of dark chapters in his life, of connection with conspiracies and revolutions in the tropics; but Binot had always gained

His Pirate Crew

Or, Law in the Cabin

By Victor Ardmore

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CHAPTER VII.

THE sound of the big gun and the splash of the falling shot brought alarm to many on the Lively Lucy's deck, and Eveline and Agatha cried out nervously, but Mate Wilkinson, glancing at Captain Salter, saw that sea veteran smile grimly.

"Fine!" the skipper commented.

"Do you think so, sir?" Wilkinson asked.

"I certainly do. Perhaps you don't read the signs?"

"I fear I don't understand you."

"We have noticed that the wind has gone variable."

"Yes, sir."

"There you get it. Conditions are no longer steady, but slants of wind drive along eccentrically, and are likely to continue. Well, with such a breath abroad what are we to do?"

"Jockey the ship, sir."

"Just so. Study the breezes, shift our helm now and then, take advantage of every slant. We have already done something of that sort, and our pursuer reads the lesson. Little Nero has the reputation of being able to make the most of wayward winds, but there is just a chance, as he must realize, that we can outwit and, hence, outfoot him. That's why he sent that shot. If he can wing us before we draw away, so much the better for him. That last shot was intended to hit us."

"He has our range."

"Yes, and the next shot may hit, but we will proceed to play our cards and let him play his."

Salter had been speaking with keen interest, and was plainly looking forward to the test of skill at maneuvering with great satisfaction, but he now dropped all thought of his second mate and delved deeper into the problem. Several light clouds overhung the sky. These he studied closely, and then noted the run of the sea on all hands. Smiling faintly, he ordered the wheel shifted a little, and the ship left her straightaway course.

"I don't like that," Marx exclaimed to his fellow passengers.

"Why not?"

"We lose distance by doing it. That will bring the chaser closer."

"But," argued Eveline, "won't it be to our gain in the long run? I understand that the Captain is trying to get advantage out of the crisscross currents of wind."

"His idea, as he has explained to Wilkinson, is to use the fluky currents, but each shift of the helm is no much lost distance, I say. Still, he knows his business."

Salter did know his business, and from that time it was a game of wits between him and Little Nero. He studied clouds and water constantly, shifted their course slightly from time to time, getting all that was possible out of the erratic air. The pirate was doing the same, but it was not long before the expert sailors knew that the advantage was with them.

It was shown that the Lively Lucy was the craft to answer her helm, whereby she had the jump on the Clear the Way, and as she took each drive of air in her sails prominently, she began to draw away from the pursuer noticeably.

Her people were not the only ones who realized this, and the bow-chaser of the pirate became exceedingly busy. Shot after shot flashed and roared from span, it was nothing but what could be repaired in a few minutes, and did not check the flying ship, but other unhappy consequences followed quickly. The severed span rattled down to the deck, and as it fell it struck a man and killed him outright. The victim was Asa Striker.

Marx had some knowledge of surgery, and he was by the fallen man almost at once. Salter was but little behind him, and they bowed together.

"A nasty wound," the Captain commented indifferently. "Hit in the head. Scalp laid open, and probably the skull cracked. Unconscious! Here, men, carry him to the forecastle and drop him into his hammock. We can't stop to bother with him."

Eveline, having come near, held up her hand in protest.

"Sir," she said, "you are captain here, and I know your word is law, but he is a wounded man. I'm sure you will not object if we take him to the vacant stateroom below and care for him there."

Unknown to her she was the strongest advocate Striker could have had, and, with his eyes brightening, Salter made prompt reply.

"Any way you please, Miss Gladden. Here, you fellows, bear him down. Up and do just what the lady says. Away with him!"

Thus it happened that the stricken sailor was borne to a room off the cabin, and, white and senseless, laid in a berth. Except that Gladden and Lake were of helpless thru inexperience and stupid but sympathetic, he had no attention from any man, but the girls made themselves nurses and did all they could.

His wound was cleansed and dressed, and crude restoratives used, but he remained unconscious.

"Got his last hurt, I reckon," said Lake.

"He hasn't the vitality to pull out of a serious trouble," added Mr. Gladden.

"Unless his skull is badly injured I think he will recover," Agatha asserted. "He has lost but little blood, and the wound is not in a vital spot. Indeed, I've never admired the man, but he is a fellow-being in distress."

"We will care for him the best we can," Eveline promised. "What a sad thing it would be for him to die at sea, away from his friends. By the way, father, who are his friends?"

"I don't know," returned the merchant. "I engaged him at Kenny Chain's desire, but I only know that he was a sailor out of work when I hired him. I'll see Benny."

He hastened to do so, and made his report later.

"Benny knows as little as we do. The two men met in San Francisco, and as Striker was penniless Chain paid his expenses out of charity until I put him under wages. Benny only knows that he was in hard luck. It seems to me he is a sort of waif of the world. We have noticed that in the voyage is that of an educated man, and can only surmise that misfortune left him stranded. As you said, Agatha, he never aroused our liking, but a man in ill luck demands a good turn from all well-meaning person. I've asked Marx to come and see him. Ah! here he is now."

Marx arrived and made an examination, but could not show of seal. When it was finished he stood back.

"Nothing to worry about," he said earnestly. "He is rather badly hurt, for it more than brief unconsciousness, but I don't think he has a fracture. Possibly concussion, but time will tell."

He turned abruptly, started away, and then sent more words back over his shoulder.

"Meanwhile, we are drawing away from the pirate. Our skipper is outmaneuvering the enemy, and we shall leave the Clear the Way astern if we hold our luck."

There was, as far as the novices in surgery could see, nothing more to be done then for the stricken sailor, and they soon followed Marx to the deck.

The chase was still on, but it had been proved that the ship was much better in existing conditions than the brigantine. Salter knew just when to tack, and, still watching clouds and sky, he tacked as often as he dared, and with the utmost prudence. The sensitive helm and nimble hands of Lucy were showing themselves too much for the schooner.

By noon the chaser was so far astern that the pirate could be seen, but Little Nero hung on with grim determination, evidently hoping for some new, unexpected turn in affairs.

Nightfall found him still following, but the darkness really settled everything for the pursuer. Both the vessels invisible to each other, Salter shifted his helm for a direct run and sent the Lucy flying on her course, confidently predicted that morning would not show any hostile craft off their keel.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Lively Lucy was at rest, her anchor down, her sails furled and her deck in profound quiet. Marx had taken off the pirate in the night, and then, laving a course for Big Pelican Island, had made for first one two days after dropping Little Nero astern.

Mr. Gladden had beheld the landfall with great satisfaction, and had stood that selected for the survey from bow to quarter, pacing the deck and planning. After walking two hours with his party, which included Captain Salter and all the passengers, he neared the original landing-place with satisfaction written in his expression.

"Nothing could be better!" he declared. "We have something like a harbor, with fine anchorage, and enough wood ashore to construct a dozen houses, if we desire, and, no small matter, very good drinking water. I shall certainly make this one of our homes when the great design is under way."

"Has it occurred to you, father," asked Agatha, "that we haven't seen a single whale near here?"

"Eh?" cried Gladden, with a start. "How's that?"

"We have seen no whales hereabouts."

"Well, as to that, you see—er—oh! whales go roaming over the ocean, hither and yon, either by themselves or in schools. Bless you, my dear, unenlightened child, whales don't stay where like human beings and stay in one place all the while."

"But couldn't they to be near our course of the last two days, if this is to be a base?"

Without any really good reason, theworthy merchant had been briefly discomposed by her opening words, but he had rallied and was able to present the best side of his case.

"Of course," he went on, "if all whales were on one island, and stationary, only one island would be needed for a base, but they range about widely. Is it not so, Captain Salter?"

"Quite right, sir," replied the mariner.

"And," pursued Gladden, with traces of resentment, "is it necessary for the logic of my plan that whales should now be in sight, spouting, and playing leg with each other?"

"Decidedly not."

"Pray don't misunderstand me, father," urged Agatha. "I'm not casting doubts on your enterprise, for I am wholly ig-

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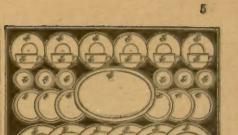

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norant in such matters, and you have studied the situation. Please overlook my slip that was due to want of knowledge."

"Certainly, my child, certainly. It is all right."

He spoke in a relieved way, but looked furtively at the outlying sea, eager to cast a sight of a rising shape that would prove the blow of a whale.

"If," put in Salter, "you finally decide to take Big Pelican as one of your namber, it will be, as you have pointed out yourself, an excellent land base, the general headquarters nearest the continental coast."

"I think, Captain, we shall use Big Pelican," and Gladden nodded satisfaction.

The return to the boat was resumed, with the girls walking at the rear.

"Maybe I am a culprit," whispered Agatha, "but I feel less faith than ever in father's plan since we came to this isolated island."

"And I," added Eveline, "am really ashamed to say that the place depresses me. I don't know why, for it is rather pretty, but I shall be relieved when we hoist our anchor and get under way again."

"As for me, I've not had a truly happy moment since we took the wounded man into the stateroom. He haunts me. I ought to be ashamed, but often I find myself wishing we had left Captain Salter every time to the forecastle."

"Poor Striker! If the Captain's diagnosis is correct he will not suffer long."

"What Mr. Marx says he will regain bodily health."

"What good will that do him if his mind remains a blank?"

"Marx even prophesies he will get his mental powers back as soon as he rallies from the first effects of the blow."

"There you have it, sister. Both Marx and the Captain know quite a bit about surgery, for they differ radically as to Asa Striker. To me it seems ominous that he has lain unconscious more than two days."

The two was a pause, and then Eveline forcibly added:

"Anyhow, the sailor is an afflicted human being, and we will keep on nursing him as long as he needs our care."

"We certainly will," Agatha agreed.

By that time they were at the land's edge, and were rowed out in the boat to where the ship lay riding at her anchor. All hands went aboard, and the fresh water was to be hoisted off for the ship casks, the remainder of the day was a quiet period for both the crew and the passengers.

In the evening there was entertainment furnished by one of Salter's men, who had a musical turn, and a copious fund of songs, and, as he was of Spanish blood, many of these were really gems in the estimation of the passengers.

Blunt-spoken Haggett seized the opportunity to speak privately with his commander.

"How long is this to last?"

"Why, what do you ask?"

"Whether I am to be a captive or a volunteer."

"When we came to sea you said that, at the right time, we would land the passengers in the head, toss them to the fishes, and take possession of the ship and navy to resume our trade."

"Quite right."

"Then why don't we do it? We play nigger to Gladden and his crew, and cooperate, and days go by. Are we turned into lambs? Why are we not sacking merchant ships again? Why do I nod and bob my head to the landlubbers, and you sit in your room and read that silly book of yours we borrowed from the real Ambrose G. Salter."

"Silly! Bless me, Haggett, if there's more of this you will be ripe for a mutiny to the forecastle. No man with your poor judgment is fit to be mate in a ship. Silly! Why, that book has wisdom surpassing the profoundest dreams of Solomon."

"Bah!" growled the mate.

"Had you served in the law, as I once did, you would see all this. I do read the unrivaled volume, for it thrills me. Yet, be content, Haggett, for this will soon end. I promise you that before five days have passed this quiet will be over, Gladden and his friends will be deep in the ocean, and we shall again be sacking ships for trade is piracy. Rest easy, for we'll soon be at it again. Enough for now. Milksop Pearson comes near. Talk about fishes and the luring of whales. Pay homage to Gladden's folly."

The interview was ended, and Haggett was a little appeased, but the butcher in his nature made him eager to cast off the shackles of outward decency and get back to the way of crime and pillage. Inaction palled upon him, and in his opinion it was hateful for one of his schooling to be in other hands than those of the free rovers.

The evening ended and the cabin party went down. They had a look at Striker, and even the most pronounced novice of them found encouragement in his condition. Striker was sleeping, and the indication that the wounded man was likely to be conscious in the morning.

After that the cabin party took a place of quiet below and on deck. Salter was not forgetful of Little Nero, and he allowed no light to be kindled in the cabin, but stationed with strict orders not to sleep. So the night full fell, slumber generally prevailed, and aboard the ship there rolled the water lipping and whispering lightly as it met the hull, the masts lifting themselves in a shower the dark dome and the outlying ocean merely flecking under the touch of the northeast wind.

Early in the morning Captain Salter rose, cast off the line of the boat that had rocked alongside, and himself took the helm as the ship's bleak coast away. Walking to the center of the island, he ascended the highest point, had a long look, grinned, nodded, and gazed long and critically.

"Nothing in sight," he muttered, well satisfied. "I think it safe to believe we have given Little Nero the slip in full. Still, I shall see him again before long, and, by the Beard of Neptune, I shall! Ran away and left me and Red Roger to fight the warship alone. There will be a time of reckoning with Nero."

Bitterness was in his heart, but he cast off the mood, went to a cove and had a plunge in the delicious cast away. Finished he again dressed, had another look thru the glass, and started back to where the Lucy lay. He was a few yards short of the point when he met Axlon, coming in haste.

"Say, Blackington, you are wanted on board!" exclaimed the sailor.

"Why?" asked the Captain briefly.

"We've got a dead man there!"

"What!"

"Ass Striker! He lies in his berth, knife stuck there by his own hand!"

Salter stood as if turned to stone. Death was his trade, but this matter impressed him as strange.

"Striker dead and murdered.

"That's all for now. Some of the cabin folks found him when they got up. There is no sign of the knife, and nothing to tell more. I immediately dropped overboard and came to let you know. I thought you'd like to know all."

"Who the deuce dares do any killing without my orders?" Salter demanded shrilly. "Who has done this ill?"

"No. Not a sign yet. There the fellow lies, and——"

Salter stepped into the boat and seized an oar.

"Get back!" he directed. "Killing done without my orders! Striker dead! If I find the killer I'll cut his ears off—still, what does it matter? Striker was no more than a lump of useless clay. We can, at a pinch, find room in the ocean to bury him. Good riddance to him!"

He reached the ship, ascended the dangling ladder, and walked below without haste and entered the stateroom Striker had occupied. There was a stir in the other rooms where the passengers were improving their attire after first survey of the slain man, but it happened that Mate Haggett was the only person then near Salter's private entrance.

Salter looked only at the figure that had made its last conscious movement.

"Axlon was right," he commented, with utter indifference. "Murdered while he slept. Even if he had regained his senses he never could have communicated to us scientifically. That knife was driven with force. Died an instant death. Any idea who did it, Haggett?"

"No," returned the mate, with equal indifference.

"It doesn't matter. His going will not leave us short-handed, and besides, he was soon to be discharged. If it was one of our crew there would be reckoning for this—eh, Haggett?"

"I reckon."

"The killer should swing higher than Haman. As it is, we will just toss him overboard and let it go at that. Useless clay! Has there been any call to breakfast yet?"

"No. I don't know that the cook has begun. He's scared there would be reckoning to pay."

"Bah! Pooh! Then he's a weak fool. Stir him up! I'll leave my sea-glass in its place and then we will eat."

So commanded, Salter went to his room and laid the glass down. As he did so his attention fell upon a book that lay on the table. There was a sudden brightening of his eyes, and he picked it up quickly. The emotions came rushing to his expression, and he gripped the book tightly. The leaves rustled under the touch of his hand as he ran them over, but he reached a certain point and grew quiet, the his eyes were busy, boring at the volume open. Before him was the statute on murder.

Three minutes later, as Mr. Gladden stood with Haggett and Pearson, the Captain appeared. The sad-faced merchant nodded and pointed.

"It died, you see!" Salter exclaimed hotly. "A foul crime has been done, but," and he forcibly struck the book he carried, "the law is here, and it will be avenged. Four Striker's blood calls for atonement, and not in vain. I swear that the murderer shall be discovered and hanged like the beast he is!"

CHAPTER IX.

MR. GLADDEN'S expression changed quickly, something like eagerness driving the shadows of gloom away.

"I've been thinking," he began," he returned. "Murder has been done, and the victim was a man so inoffensive that I wonder he could be called a man. His life ought to have been taken."

"Why, you astonish me, Captain," was the sailor, a valuable member of our crew, and one for whom I had a strong liking. He was in my book, and you see my name and late residence. Sarasconito is a small town in the south of the State. I live on a ranch, and cannot keep away from it wholly, but I am still a notary, never having resigned nor been given notice of my appointment. I am competent, officially, to deal with this matter. Of course, our island is not California, and, technically, the only law having force here is that vague law of the deep sea which no man has ever set down on paper, but as California is the nearest land owned by the United States it seems eminently proper that the statutes should now have use just as if we were on shore."

"I follow you," replied Gladden, quickly.

"Being a notary, it is my duty——"

At that moment the cook appeared at the door.

"Sir," he said deferentially, "I will have breakfast ready as soon as possible."

"Breakfast be hanged!" snapped Salter. "Why do you mention such nonsense now? We've more to think about than packing our stomachs. Yet, stay, stay! We have tender women aboard. Get breakfast, Jerry!"

Turning back to Gladden the Captain resumed without material break. "I feel it my duty to deal with this matter in my official capacity. An amateur is not wanted, nor could he perform the proper functions creditably. I however, have seen much experience, and shall attend to matters on a strictly legal basis."

"You have my full approval, sir."

"A formal investigation must be made."

"Decidedly so."

"Now, who discovered this atrocious crime?"

"Stanley Lake. He came to see if he could do anything for Striker."

"I will talk with Lake. Has anything been disturbed here?"

"Why, I have not to tell me, and it was so certain that life was extinct that we did not even touch the poor sailor."

"Quite proper. Much is lost by meddling at the start. It is hardly likely the murderer has left any incriminating signs, but we will look. On land footprints sometimes play a part, tho the value of them has been grossly exaggerated. This floor shows nothing. Now,

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Note: Another prominent Physician to whom the above article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. The manufacturers guarantee it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in one week's time in many instances or refund the money. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations I feel should be kept on hand for regular use in almost every family." It is sold in Chicago by the Independent Drug Co., Buck & Rayner, the Public Drug Co. and other druggists.

yonder shelf-table is wholly bare, and I detect no finger marks at present. His clothing hangs on yonder hooks."

Salter was proceeding with concentration of movement, eye and mind that delighted the merchant. He lifted the clothes and continued:

"No bloodstains on these things, and only the most trifling personal belongings in the pockets. See! I return the wearables to their place, and they are not to be disturbed by any one. Lastly, the berth."

"The covers are thrown back," said Gladden, "but the night was warm, and I think they were so when we turned in, last night."

"That left the breast of our poor sailor exposed. The butcher had only to drive his blow and it was done. We will, presently, shift the body and search the berth, tho it seems useless. Really, we have no signs that were rashly left by the assassin. Lastly, the fatal knife. Whose was it?"

"Striker's own."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," Gladden answered readily. "It has been on the table ever since he was brought here. I recognize it by the nick near the handle. You will notice that whatever broke that away left an odd, diagonal gap, small, but none the less peculiar."

"Since you have previously given heed to the weapon I cannot well challenge your claim, for it's an odd nick, as you say."

"Captain, this sailor was a strange man. You and I have talked of that before. You've said he was a capable seaman, yet he was educated beyond his calling. That we can pass by, but it has seemed to me he was an unhappy man. He was nervous, and often started timidly when small things happened unexpectedly, almost as if he was in fear of something. Is it possible that he was in dread of the law for some slightly improper act, and that now, recovering from his unconscious state, he decided that life was not worth living and committed suicide?"

"Oh, no, no!" Salter exclaimed. "I admit the education and the nervousness and sensitive starts, but not the self-destruction. All other things aside, his wound would have weakened him so much that he never could have gone to the table and secured the knife."

"So I have reasoned."

"He was never muscular, anyhow. See the small hand and wrist. His arm must be the same——"

The Captain pushed back the sailor's sleeve, and then both men stood gazing at a tattooed design in the blue ink so dear to men of the sea.

"A. G. S.," Gladden deciphered. "Probably his initials."

"Yes. Notice the size of the arm. A weak man, that."

"I have dropped the suicide theory, which, as I've said before, I never seriously entertained. By the way, Salter, his initials are just the same as yours."

"Ye-es," was the hesitating reply.

"Isn't it queer that Coroner Ambrose G. Salter should be holding court on the body of Asa G. Striker?"

"Not at all!" was the brusque reply. "And yet," Salter's manner growing wary, "it is a coincidence. We can pass that by. Odd, but hardly deeply impressive when the world has millions of men in it."

"It's fortunate for you that it isn't Ambrose G. Salter who lies here in such melancholy plight."

"Yes."

For some time the Captain had been aware that the whole cabin party was massed behind him, nearer the door, silent but keenly interested. He now turned and faced them, running his gaze from face to face. He observed that Eveline and Agatha were pale and frightened, and the male passengers gravely disturbed.

"Can anybody among you add to what has been told already?" he asked.

Silence followed the question.

"We may take that as a negative," he pursued, "but I want you to search your recollections closely. Did anybody hear unusual sounds here last night?"

The silence continued. Salter ran his gaze from one to another, and the keen eyes in his lean head were full of boring intentness. He believed that somebody in that group could tell him the truth, for he did not give his forecastle hands a fraction of suspicion. If the murderer was there, who was it? From the faces of the men he directed his attention to the hands and wrists of the two girls. They were slender of build, but he noted that they had wrists far from feeble.

At that moment he left nobody out of consideration, believing that a muscular woman might have driven the knife. Again he shifted his gaze suddenly.

"Lake," he abruptly asked, "what is that bloodstain on your sleeve? You had trouble with Striker. What about the stain?"

CHAPTER X.

LAKE, thus bluntly questioned, seemed to become bewildered. He held out his hands and ran his gaze over his arms.

"What stain?" he asked. "I see none."

"Right there!" and the Captain pointed.

"Some sort of a minute discoloration certainly," the young man admitted. "What it is I don't know, for I've not seen it before. As far as I can tell it might be a splotch of coffee. If it's blood, which I doubt, perhaps it came there when, a couple days back, I bumped my head and started a little claret from my nose."

Dropping his hands he abruptly grew belligerent.

"What do you mean, Salter?" he demanded. "Am I accused of doing that poor devil of a sailor to death?"

"I accuse no man," replied Salter, gravely. "I am only seeking for light, and, in so doing, acting strictly in the line of my duty."

"You already know," interrupted Mr. Gladden, "that our Captain is also a notary public, and that such work as this is in the line of his regular labors. Pray do not feel vexed, friends, for if mere suggestion is uncomfortable for us, what a pitifully small thing it is in comparison with the terrible thing that has happened to Striker."

"Correct," said Lake, heartily. "Drive ahead, Salter, and you can rely upon me to help you all I can. Get at the truth of this, and then we will play the California game and hang the criminal offhand!"

"You have sailors aboard, sir," Pearson reminded, looking at Salter.

"As honest fellows as ever lived," asserted the skipper, "yet, in this trouble, not to be overlooked. Nobody is to be overlooked."

"I believe," said Lake, dryly, "that your man Axlon was in the same happening that you were pleased to chalk up against me, and, more than that, Axlon was the original aggressor."

"He will receive careful attention," the Captain promised.

At that moment a faint voice in the cabin announced that breakfast was ready. It had been under way before trouble began, and Jerry had now finished. He, too, had a duty to perform, and he called attention to the eatables.

The investigation was postponed for the time, and the party gathered at the table. A few of the appetites seemed to be fickle, but others there ate as usual. All the passengers, however, gave more than their former attention to Salter. He had suddenly become a doubly impressive figure. Always recognized as a masterful commander of the sea, he had taken on new force. His keen face and sharp eyes told of the alert brain back of them, and if the slayer of Striker was there he probably experienced some uneasiness. Magistrate Salter was ominous in his quiet, steadfast force.

When eating was finished he went to the cabin again. The first thing that attracted his attention was the letters inked into the murdered man's arm—A. G. S. The person who had stolen the name, Ambrose G. Salter, did not have the slightest suspicion that he need be interested in those letters. To him Striker was only a mariner in hard luck, a waif on life's fiercely trying sea, a man like others who had lived, fought for existence, and lost the battle. But what Salter the man passed by absorbed Salter the notary—the mystery of the murder must be solved.

As the next step the body was shifted and the berth carefully searched. When it was done the fact became clear that he who had struck and then slipped quietly away had left no betraying signs that were then detected.

After that Salter did not hasten matters, but went to the deck. Absorbing as the man-hunt below was, he did not forget that other man-hunts might be afoot. When leaving San Francisco he was unable to learn what had become of the warship that had sunk two of the pirate vessels, and was always vividly aware that it might still be raging the Pacific to finish the work so disastrously begun. It would be awkward if that ship appeared on the scene.

Also, there was the possibility of danger from Little Nero. He and that active freebooter had always nominally been friends, and would meet on the old footing if thrown together, but he now hated the fellow who had left Red Roger and himself in the lurch when the frigate was attacking them, and later had chased the Lively Lucy.

Until he had the guns to fight Nero he did not want to see him. If he appeared it would, he supposed, be easy to renew outward comradeship with him, but that would betray him to Gladden, and end his notary work while the fever to pursue it was in full force.

Because of these things he was anxious about sea conditions. Mate Haggett met him near the companionway.

"What's away?" the chief asked briefly.

"Open sea. Nothing else," Haggett replied.

"Who have you as a lookout on the land elevation?"

"Joe Frisk."

"With strict orders to be alert?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose we can rest easy, but I want you to go yourself, taking the strongest glass, and make sure there is not even a gull's wing on the horizon."

"Blackington," urged the mate, sinking his voice, "why not get away from here safely while we can? A two days' run will take us to our private base, where we can stock up with big guns, and then we shall be as well found as ever we were in the Shooting Sword. Why not go away?"

"Not just yet," Salter returned composedly. "We stay here a while."

"To keep up that mummery over dead Striker?"

"Hardly respectful to your superior officer," remarked Salter, with the tolerance he nearly always showed to Haggett. "Be assured that there is more afoot than you dream of, and wait for developments. Would you be content with a cent when you could have a dollar? Wait, man, wait! As for the murder below, I'll soon unravel that."

"You state that you were once in the law business. Ever act as detective?"

"No."

"Or as a notary?"

"No. I was merely a lawyer's clerk, as I've told you before."

"And now you think you can succeed as notary, lawyer, detective, and all the rest?"

"I'm going to try!"

The words leaped forth sharply, and when Haggett heard them and saw the closing of his leader's jaws, he aban-

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doned his intention of making a strong argument. When the Captain was in that mood it was, as he well knew, useless to argue or to entreat. Salter would have his way.

"You ought to be a real notary," he grumbled.

"I am one, and a benched Judge, Haggett, the law is a fascinating mistress. Now, look you here. Absorb your part."

He continued, urging the Captain to the keeping of the lookout, and finally brought the mate into a condition of good humour and alertness. Next, to himself, he trusted his surly chief officer, so he was soon able to give all of his immediate attention to the problem below. This brought content, for he felt himself elevated from the humble plane of a notary to the lofty position of a judge.

Reaching the cabin again, he summoned all of the party there, and, Wilkinson being present, bade him stay with them.

"My good friends," said the chief, in his most urbane manner, "it is time that we proceeded with our inquest into the death of the late Abe Danvers. We must gather what information we can. First, I think you have all explained that you know nothing about him, and that what we have seen since he joined us in the ship?"

There was a chorus of voices to confirm his belief.

"Old Benny Chain saw him earlier," Mr. Gladden added.

"We will question Chain. I want some one here to set down my abstract of the various testimonies. Mr. Wilkinson, shall do that. Be so good as to get pens and ink. Now, it is very warm here, so please all go on deck, and remain there except as I call you, one by one."

The watchful chief saw evidences of remonstrance in some quarters, and hastened to turn to Gladden.

"Is not that right, sir?" he added.

"Yes," returned the unsuspicious merchant.

"Then pray go to the deck. Mr. Gladden, kindly send Benny Chain down, and then I'll hear you after him."

Every one in the charter started there was some hesitation among the others, but they yielded and followed. Halfway the companion, Agatha whispered to her sister:

"I begin to hate Salter. What horrid thing has he in mind? I hope nothing dreadful will come of this, but I'm actually trembling!"

This strange story leads to very extraordinary situations and dramatic episodes. The reader will find it eminently worth reading to the end. Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of it. The surest way to get the Ledger is to subscribe for it, and have it come to your home regularly. Today is a good time to attend to this.

* * *

Col. Wade's Daughter.

(Continued From Page 4.)

the cub class. Crown began giving him better assignments. For a time all was well, and then Sturgis again began to grow restless. The romance in a detective's life still seemed like the pot of gold that is reputed to repose at the end of the rainbow. It wasn't there.

The beautiful heroine in the clutches of the villain had not yet appeared. Sturgis was all but ready to throw up the sponge, return North and go into law, when his chance meeting with Patrice on the train occurred.

He smiled at the ceiling as he lay on his cot.

"Beautiful heiress," he recited to himself, "in the toils of conspirators, led by a vampire who married her father to rob and murder the doddering old fool."

Detective Sturgis stood on the threshold of the Great Adventure—at last!

This mysterious story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.50, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

* * *

DID NOT WORK.

When Danvers and his friend Barlow came into the car Danvers was talking.

"I have come to the conclusion," he said, "that the best way to get rid of people to get about New York in these crowded cars is to stand up in relays. It looks hoggish to sit down and leave others to occupy all the seats all the time. There ought to be a general shaking up at every five minutes to give the strap-holders a chance to rest."

"It wouldn't work," said Barlow. "It would turn out like every other altruistic scheme. Some generous souls would be giving up their seats all the time and others would be getting still the time, waiting for somebody else to do his duty. And besides, nobody would have nerve enough to actually comply with the 'five minutes' conditional clause."

"I would," said Danvers, "and the first chance I get I am going to test the scheme and see how it works."

He found a chance before he got home. Some [illegible] women came into the car. One of them sat down beside Danvers; the other, finding no room, stood holding in front of him. Barlow nudged him maliciously. "Now is your opportunity," he whispered.

Danvers sat still for a few minutes, watching the woman's swaying, lurching figure. Then he turned to her.

"Madam, I will give you this seat and let you rest a while if you will promise to give it back to me at the end of five minutes."

The woman lunged helplessly into Danvers' lap.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "That sudden turn—oh, yes; I'm all right now, thanks. What was it you said about five minutes?"

Danvers repeated his offer.

"That is very kind of you, I am sure," she said, "but I feel that I ought not take the seat. If you are ill and think you won't feel like standing more than five minutes at a time, perhaps you had better sit still."

Danvers declined. "I feel well enough," he said, "but it is a conviction of mine that no one who rides in street cars ought to be allowed a seat longer than five minutes at a stretch. Are you willing to accept this seat under those conditions?"

"Certainly," said the woman. "You are very thoughtful to offer it at all. What time is it now, please?"

"I haven't got my watch," Danvers replied, as he clutched the dangling strap. "But I guess it won't be still take us just five minutes to get from here to the Opera House. I'll keep an eye open for the time, and when we get there I will let you know, and you can give me a show again."

"Very well," said the woman, and she resumed the interrupted conversation with her companion.

At Thirty-fifth street there was a blockade. By the public clocks in the neighborhood it lasted just twenty minutes. At the end of five minutes Danvers began to fidget. At the end of ten minutes his impatience became audible.

"Ah-m-m-m!" he said. "Confounded long wait, this."

The woman checked her flow of speech.

"Have we got to the Opera House yet?" she asked, innocently.

"To the Opera House!" said Danvers. "Great heavens, we haven't budged an inch for ten minutes. How on earth did you expect us to get to the Opera House?"

"Dear me," said the woman, "how provoking. These blockades do delay one so. When we get there let me know, please, if I don't happen to notice it myself. I promised you remember, to let you sit down again when we got to the Opera House."

Barlow snickered. "Yes, I remember," said Danvers.

Thirteen minutes later they reached the temple of music.

"Madam," said Danvers.

"Ah, here we are," said the woman.

She arose and Danvers sat down.

"Madam," he said, "you seemed to forget that there were two strings to our agreement, one relating to time, the other to place. You disregarded the first. You kept me standing something like twenty-five minutes. I shall be equally inconsiderate. I shall not relinquish this seat at the end of five minutes."

"Oh, that's all right," said the woman. "I get off at Forty-fourth street, anyway."

"What did I tell you?" said Barlow. "I told you you would get the worst of the bargain."

"I had not counted on blockades," said Danvers wearily. "The next time I'll take care not to mention particular corners, also not to make a bargain of any kind with a woman."

* * *

Fully Explained.

The learned counsel in the great will case literally fell upon the witness. Here was a witness who was everything a witness should be.

"I congratulate you, sir," he said, enthusiastically. "Your memory for detail does you infinite credit. And on behalf of the numerous relatives of the testator who are present in court, I should like to thank you for the very flattering, the none the less truthful, description that you have just given of the esteemed gentleman who is now, alas! no more."

A murmur of applause went round the crowded court.

"I presume," continued the learned counsel, "that you were very intimate with the testator during his lifetime?"

The witness hesitated and blushed a crimson. "N-no," he answered, lamely. "In fact, I never saw him in my life."

"But, really, sir," cried the lawyer, in surprise, "I fail to see how you could give such an accurate and flattering description of a man you never saw him."

The witness gave a very sickly smile. "Perhaps you will understand better," he said, "when I tell you that I married his widow!"

* * *

Typical.

Charles S. Mellen, New England's noted railroad man, once said at a luncheon in Boston:

"The way some people talk, you'd think that there were a thousand safety appliances, any one of which applied to American trains, would abolish accidents and loss of life forever.

"There is, I admit, an abundance of safety devices for trains. These we are testing, one by one, just as fast as we can. But very, very few of them prove, on a running train, to do the things they do on paper.

"The average safety device, indeed, recalls the widow who applied for outdoor relief.

"'Yours is a sad case,' said the charity agent. 'How did you lose your husband, ma'am?'

"'He was killed, sir,' answered the widow, 'while testin' a new safety cowcatcher for the P. D. R. Railroad.'"

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Many times you and every other woman or girl have wished to enlist in some way to help others who are not so fortunately situated as you are. The object of this great movement is for women everywhere to get themselves into Helpers Leagues, Crochet and Embroider, the finished pieces to be donated or sold and the money given to any worthy or patriotic cause the League Members themselves select.

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By Augustin W. Breeden

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CHAPTER X.

THE GRAY BATTLESHIPS.

THE attacking troops turned out, however, not to be Carranistas at all, but Colorados of a factional chief who had been furnishing the scheming Ynes with gold from his province for three months and getting nothing but promises of love in return, and who had now raided the town in an effort to collect.

In no time the house was surrounded. So continuous was the fire that the flashes lit up the night as no ordinary fireworks could. Troops fought in the yard, fought in the church across the street, and fought back and to hand in the very house itself. A gang of black Colorados broke in the door of Tom Ashley's dungeon. They entered an unintelligible lingo, but seeing him a prisoner of the people they were attacking, they at once put his bonds and set him free. He seized a pistol from one of them and rushed above stairs. There a great, dark, loyal man was struggling with Ynes Herara.

"Here, you," he was shouting, as he struggled. "I have been getting your gold and gold and gold, and you promised to be my wife for payment! Now I have come for you." He encircled the señorita in his arms, while she screamed and fought, forgetting all her queenly demeanor, and thus he carried her down the hall.

Tom found Dick Folsom in a great room looking rather puzzled. While he tried to get an explanation from him, the house became quiet. The Colorado chief had played Lochinvar to the queenly Ynes. His men had secured all the loot they could carry, and they were making haste to get out of the city before the Herarista could rally in force.

"We must escape with them!" cried Tom, as he saw that for some reason or other Dick was not at himself. "Surely they will help us escape when they know we have been prisoners!"

So the two dashed from the house together in the early dawn, and finding two horses whose riders had been killed, mounted and rode away with the Colorados. There was no sort of running fight till noon, and the Herarista probably not yet understanding the nature of their loss, turned back and left Ynes Herasa to her fate. It turned out that the Colorado chief was a man named Xinchia, a half-breed Indian and Spaniard, literally the owner of one of the richest provinces in all Mexico. He treated his two wards, Folsom and Ashley, very kindly, for Ynes saw no advantage to be gained by revealing the fact that they were her husband and his friend, and they journeyed with his bands for four days till they reached his stronghold.

Dick Folsom remembered distinctly everything that had taken place up to the time he was wounded and left for dead in Colorado. He did not the least idea how he came to be in the house of Ynes Herara, and of course he did not know anything about any letter treacherous to the United States, much less the one that Tom Ashley asked him about, when he was delirious, that it was now late January, he realized that he had been out of his head for a very long time. He was astonished when he learned all that Tom Ashley had to tell him about the stories that were circulated concerning him in the United States.

"I tell you, Tom," he said, in awe-struck tones, "I positively believe that woman is a witch, and that she had me under her power all that time."

At the news that his sister was still in danger of marrying Kitzl he was almost insane with rage and anxiety.

"We must escape from here," he said. "We must reach the coast and get in touch with my sister before she makes an irredeemable error."

Three nights later, having bribed two men to take them to the coast, Dick Folsom and Tom Ashley slipped to the house where the rich chief kept Ynes in durance vile. They slipped up to the window and looked in, for Dick was not yet entirely cured of his old infatuation for her, and Tom wanted to make sure of her status and see how much of her old power she still retained. And such a sight as they beheld!

The chief came into the room, and Ynes cringed before him.

"So," he cried, "you borrowed my gold, but you did not wish to pay me!"

In a flash he leaped toward her and caught her wrists, while she cringed until Dick Folsom was ready to kill the wretch for his very brutality.

"She is crushed," whispered Tom Ashley. "The spider is crushed at last. She will never leave that man alive. Come away, Dick, old boy. Let's not look at it."

Three days later they reached the coast, and two days after that they were picked up by a steamer bound for Honolulu. At Honolulu they made inquiries for Patricia. They were informed that three days before she had sailed aboard a private yacht, accompanied by Prince Cutahama, and that Kitzi Kishinuma was on board.

Under the shock of this last and final disappointment, Dick Folsom's reason came completely back to him, and at last he remembered nearly all that had taken place before his illness. He was horrified to think of what he had all unconsciously done. For fear that he might do more, he took his pencil and wrote out a statement of all the facts, had it witnessed by Tom Ashley, and sent it, at a cost of many hundred, to the State Department at Washington.

Then, without the loss of an extra moment of time, he chartered a yacht and the two men chartered a yacht and started to sail the Pacific in search of Cutahama's private yacht. Before sailing they left Honolulu that the invitation that had appeared to come from the rich pineapple planter was a trap, and was merely been sent at the instigation of Prince Cutahama. These men had taken two semi-respectable American women from Honolulu along as chaperones. Kitzi sailed as navigator, and not a soul in Honolulu suspected the true destination of the yacht.

On board their own yacht the two men carried a good-sized gun, capable of sinking any ordinary yacht afloat, and in addition they had on board a two-passenger Curtiss aeroplane. They felt well enough it was piracy to go upon the high seas in this manner, but it was a man; but little cared they now for law either national or international. They were determined to kill Prince Cutahama and Prince Cutahama their prisoners either dead or alive. They had both been tied down to attack upon political money or diplomatic relations. These two men had plotted the downfall of the United States, and all but blackmailed an unsuspecting and romantic girl; they should pay accordingly.

Meanwhile, what was taking place aboard the yacht of Prince Cutahama? It was bent on a secret diplomatic mission, to meet a ship of a certain European power in mid-Pacific, and Kitzi, who had completely lost his head—to the disgust of Prince Cutahama—was allowed to take Patricia and his two Hawaiian-Americans along. Kitzi improved the time by making love to Patricia morning, noon and night.

But Patricia had come at length to have vague suspicions that all was not right with her brother and Kitzi she could not understand just what was wrong, until when it was that Ynes had bewitched him; but one fact that she learned that he was doing there were really abominable. A sort of patriotism had at last awakened in her, for memories of her parents pining there at home haunted her day and night; and she felt conscience-stricken every time the thought of this trip she was taking with Kitzi and Cutahama. So when Kitzi persistently begged her to marry him at the first port they put into, she as persistently refused to do so.

Now, one of the purposes of that yachting trip was to review the Japanese fleet in mid-ocean. The admirals wanted a demonstration of wireless and coaling distance of their ships to Prince Cutahama. Hence, when they had been at sea for several days there were some where, so Patricia judged, in the South-Central Pacific, they spent a whole day in passing great gray hulls lying low in the water. Poor Patricia counted and counted until she became weary.

"What do you think now?" queried Kitzi, as he came to her on deck. "Could we ship the little Gringoes? Could we take the Panama Canal? Could we capture San Francisco? I have great power with my father, the Emperor. Marry me, and I will call off these dogs of war. Refuse me, and I will turn them loose upon your country. Take your choice."

"So, you have become a traitor," it was Cutahama's quiet voice. He had come upon deck with his catlike tread and had heard the younger man's utterance. "And what is that you tell this young woman? That the Emperor is your father, eh?"

He turned suddenly to Patricia. "Mitz Patricia, he is no more the son of the Emperor than any of the brown boys that sail aboard this yacht."

"But, but," stammered Patricia, "he showed me a letter in which the Emperor called him his son."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Cutahama. "Why, my dear young woman, you do not understand. That is simply a way of speaking with the Emperor. He calls me his son, also; it is merely a manner of speaking."

Kitzi's eyes blazed with hate. He was insanely in love with this girl. He wheeled and like a cat was upon the older man. He wrestled with him Jiujitsu fashion and tried to kill him with his hands. The girl screamed with horror and Kitzi desisted shamefacedly. But the old Prince was so badly injured that they had to put him to bed and nurse him through the night.

Once more, as they kept watch, Kitzi pressed his suit with Patricia.

"All these dogs of war," he kept repeating, "will I turn loose upon your country if you refuse to marry me."

"And what guarantee will I have that you will not turn them loose upon us anyway, even tho I marry you?" asked the girl, weakening.

"I will write a paper instructing my government that the time is not ripe to strike, if you will but marry me. I will give this paper into your hands. You yourself may get it forwarded to the Emperor."

"And what if Cutahama sends in an entirely different report?"

"I can imitate Cutahama's handwriting perfectly. Moreover, I have a perfect facsimile of his seal. Trust me; I can attend to Cutahama's part of the affair."

"But he will deny it orally as soon as he reaches Japan. He will give you the lie."

"Trust me, he will never reach Japan. He will never go home from this cruise!"

This was the Third and the Phi Beta Kappa speaking. This was the young man who gave Y. M. C. A. lectures on the subject of international [illegible].

"Give me two days to think," begged Patricia. "Give me just forty-eight hours to consider."

CHAPTER XI.

A LETTER FOR THE EMPEROR.

COLONEL DICK and Tom Ashley, cruising in their own yacht, also encountered that line of gray-hulled fighting

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vessels. Colonel Dick ground his teeth and swore as he beheld them. He little guessed that Kitzi was using that very show to intimidate his sister into marrying him. But he knew the meaning of that display. Some fine day that squadron meant to come over the horizon, attack the Hawaiian Islands, drive us out of the Philippines, and take the Panama Canal. Those ships had our best superdreadnaughts outgunned and outranged. In a naval engagement they would certainly give us the worst of it. So the Colonel ground his teeth and swore. Then, the second day after they had come upon the line of ships, they sighted a little yacht.

Colonel Dick's heart was in his throat from that moment on. His own was a combination steam and sail yacht, one of the fastest on the Pacific. He spread all sail and made all the steam possible in an effort to come up with the other. She was sighted at dawn, and all day long they chased her. Then, at nightfall, a strange thing occurred. The Colonel's yacht picked up two women in an open boat.

He hurriedly questioned them. Yes, they had come off the Prince's yacht. The Prince had died that day from wounds, they thought, received in a fight with Kitzi a few days before. Kitzi was in sole command, and had forced Patricia to agree to marry him as soon as they could reach port or hail a vessel.

"What could you people come off?" queried Colonel Dick, his face ashen white.

"We believed there was going to be trouble soon. We knew you were chasing us, and we think the girl is preparing to do something desperate, probably to scuttle the boat to save herself from the insane Jap. Yes, he is really insane where she is concerned. He will do anything for the love of her. He has asserted a storm, one of those sudden South Pacific storms, was coming up—for they were now well into the South Pacific.

"Make ready the biplane," commanded Colonel Dick.

His voyage had done him good physically and mentally. All his old commanding self had returned at last.

The aeroplane was made ready, and just as night came down in a howling storm, Colonel Dick put out in the plane over to overhaul the Prince's yacht, for to overtake her in his own yacht had now proved impossible. For three hours he fought with the treacherous currents of air, holding his life in his hands every moment of the time. Then he suddenly swooped down aboard the yacht where Kitzi would his sister imprisoned.

No one could have been more surprised than those two, Kitzi and Patricia. They were no longer sweethearts. Father, Kitzi held Patricia just as the Colorado chief was holding Ynes. He was entirely insane with love of her—had already committed murder for love of her, and meant now to hold her and make her his by fair means or foul.

He watched Colonel Dick step down into the little cabin with a snarl that told the latter to [illegible] his guard. Patricia whispered: "[illegible]

[illegible] to give him a written statement to his government that his flag was not to strike in the Mexican cause, and to forge such a statement for Cuitahama, and offer her as the reward. The Colonel came forward and spoke.

"Kitzi," he said, "I am in this game of international intrigue like the rest of you are, except that I am playing it for the United States. Your cause is lost. Know this—the fact that Yaqui Herara would never let leak out—the Vera Madre mine has never produced a cent in silver or gold. Any one can that woman sent to her troops was made from borrowed coin or bullion. She mortgaged herself for most of it, and now the bandit Xinthia has carried her away to his stronghold to collect. She lied to you; she lied to her brother; she lied to Palacho Villa. But she is out of the fight now, just as much so as if she were dead. For I have sent a fleet of war-ships steaming down the Harasta coast. You will be dead off your dogs of war—one paper in your own handwriting and one in that of the dead Prince Cutahama. I have them both. I saw them. We picked up the two women you set adrift. Now, what do you say? Write these papers, or I will return to-night the way I came, thru the storm, and leave my sister entirely in your hands—yours from the moment I leave your decks."

The sister started as it to appeal to her brother, but the Colonel shook his head that movement seemed to decide Kitzi. He had already written out the two papers. He put his name to them and sealed them.

"Now, write this," commanded Colonel Dick. "Write: 'A terrible storm is raging, and I fear that I am driving upon a reef at any moment. So I am sending these two letters off by Colonel Dick Folsom, who, if he can, will endeavor to undertake to escape in an aeroplane which we have on board.'

Kitzi saw no harm in this, so he wrote and signed the last manuscript.

"Take the two, Patricia," commanded the Colonel in a steely voice. "They're four-o'clock letters. Open them at that."

Kitzi handed the two notes to Patricia, and the next instant Colonel Dick, with the roar of a tiger, leaped straight at the Jap's throat. They fought like two man-eating tigers. Kitzi tried to reach his pistol, but Colonel Dick struck forward and snatched it from his belt. Kitzi tried to gain a jiujitsu hold, but somehow Colonel Dick got the better hold and gave a long-limbed for him. He tore at the American's face. He tried to gouge out his eyes. He tried with his long fingers to find his throat. But the Colonel was slowly and surely getting hold of Kitzi, slowly sending him forward; slowly getting the Jap's head beneath his arm.

The Kanaka boys and the two or three Japanese on board the yacht refused to come on board. But Patricia, snatching her brother's pistol, stood them off. Most of them hated Kitzi anyway. For a part he had had in the death of their beloved Prince, so it was not a hard matter to make them hold back. And as the fight raged, the fury of the storm increased to a hurricane. Here was indeed imminent danger of the yacht's going upon a reef at any moment, and this in the shark-infested waters meant certain death, for all on board.

Meanwhile, the men groaned and panted as they gripped each other in a last death grapple. For long moments now, Patricia, watching, could not tell that either of them had so much as moved a muscle. They were both as still as if they were cast in bronze. Then, of a sudden, they both groaned and gave way. The insane grip of Colonel Dick had broken his back, but the sharks would destroy that evidence if the Jap's were only thrown to them alive. With a mighty swing Colonel Dick swept Kitzi completely over his head and overboard into the seething water.

"Now for that can of nitroglycerin," he panted to his sister. He revealed a can of that deadly explosive wrapped in a blanket and used as part ballast for his aeroplane. "Here, carry it into the hold. Don't let it jar. Quick, tho, there's no time to lose."

At his words and at his sinister motions there was a howl from the four Kanaka boys and the three Japs. The girl began pitying to plead and sent a glance of inquiry at her brother.

"This is war," he said. "They were caught in the conspiracy. The Japanese government must never know that this boat was not wrecked upon a reef, but destroyed by sharks. I myself hate to have it——"

He never finished. The boat struck some fearful obstacle low down by the storm, or some rock or reef. There was a deafening detonation.

"Jump for the plane!" shouted Dick in the darkness and chaos that followed.

His hands were touching his sister's, paying out electric wire to the nitroglycerin when the explosion took place. They were directly under the seat of the aeroplane. Together they scrambled into their places. The water was already lapping at their feet. Dark outlines fought desperately in the slightly phosphorescent sea. A flash of lightning revealed two Kanakas fighting to get hold of some of the framework of the biplane.

Colonel Dick threw in the engine. Slowly they lifted above the sea and fought their way up for the storm. For two hours they fought with the wind, and then, as suddenly as it had come on, the hurricane ceased. There was every evidence that was left of it was the roar of the troubled sea; they themselves floated peacefully in a calm sky.

They now had opportunity for words for the first time.

"Can you ever forgive me, brother?" pleaded the girl.

"You have done no worse than I have," cried Colonel Dick. "You were led God by their schemes. It has cost me dearly. It has cost me my happiness, almost my honor. But you—you have my sympathies in store for you. Tom Ashley, who I had come to regard as a dear friend, I took for me when my own father even gave me up for a traitor, and who took rank as the dearest friend I ever had, became to take care of myself—Tom Ashley who has loved you from childhood, Dr. Folsom, your own doctor. We will join them at daylight, if she rides out the storm."

"Thank God!" murmured the girl. "I never realized till now that it was Tom Ashley I loved all along!"

At daylight the aeroplane landed on the yacht, and Tom and Patricia were reunited, Dick Folsom posted the letters and the Colonel to Japan, and thus a fiasco that might have proved embarrassing, to say the least, was averted for Yaqui Indian Palacho Villa found himself isolated and facing the Gringo alone. As for Yaqui Herara, up in Alaska she is still in the hands of the chief, Xinthia, and Rafael Herara has deserted the Villista cause to go and make partisan war on the Colorados to rescue her.

But the Folsoms are all at last reunited and Tom Ashley is regarded as the best-loved member of the family. Colonel Dick was recently decorated by the United States Government for conspicuous bravery, tho many people still believe him once to have been a traitor.

The End.

* * *

Guilty.

A barrister with a long experience of queer jurymen in the county courts of Pennsylvania tells the following amusing story as illustrating their eccentricities:

A man was charged with committing a murderous assault upon another as a result of some political differences.

The assault having been committed at night, there appeared to be some difficulty in identifying the assailant, and, as a matter of fact, the counsel for the defense made out an excellent case for the prisoner, calling witnesses to testify that he was nowhere near the spot where the assault took place on the night in question.

Everybody concerned fully expected that the jury would bring in a verdict of acquittal, yet, to the general astonishment, the foreman announced that the prisoner had been found guilty.

"But," he added, observing the general consternation created by his statement, "not guilty of the assault, yer honor. This is the spalpeen who stole Biddy McCarthy's pig last year, and he's been guilty of that!"

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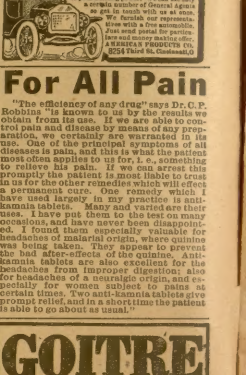
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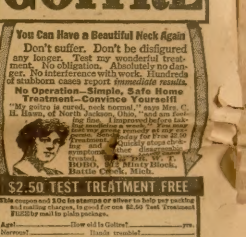
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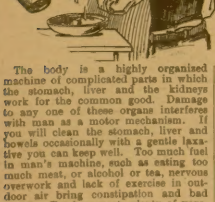
FREE Catalog of Sporting Goods, Books, Lodestone, Cards, Strippers, etc. L. HEITH CO., Everett, Mass.



The body is a highly organized machine of complicated parts in which the stomach, liver and the kidneys work for the common good. Damage to any one of these organs interferes with man as a motor mechanism. If you will clean the stomach, liver and bowels occasionally with a gentle laxative you can keep well. Too much fuel in man's machine, such as eating too much meat, or alcohol or tea, nervous overwork and lack of exercise in outdoor air bring constipation and bad health. Eat less meat, plenty of vegetables, and with air and good exercise you need little else. If the liver needs rousing—and most of us need this once a week—take a safe vegetable extract of the leaves of aloe, Mayapple, root of jalap made into a tiny sugar-coated pill, sold by almost every druggist as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and first put up nearly fifty years ago.

Most people die eventually of an over-acid condition. If the blood can be rendered more alkaline, the longer we live. With digital gout, 6 to 8 glasses of water between meals, sensible coarse food and a chance to get the poisons out of the system, a man will live to be a very old man. Unfortunately, our highly nervous way of living brings increased storage of uric acid in the body. This acts as a poison, and consequently we suffer from headaches, neuralgia, lumbago, aches or pains, rheumatism, gout.

Get rid of this uric acid poison by taking a harmless preparation called Anuric, which throws out the uric acid by stimulating the kidneys. Drink a pint of hot water before meals and take Anuric (double or triple strength) after meals and at bed time. Anuric can be obtained at almost any drug store, or send $1.00 to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for full treatment.

Who Gets $200,000,000 Tire Profits?

An amazing condition revealed in the tire business. Terrible waste shown by methods of selling automobile tires. How one tire man plans to cut the cost of tires to the consumer revealed

Tire Chain Stores Offer Solution of Problem

NOTE: From Publisher Home Magazine

NOTE—The following article, written by our staff representative, outlines plans for a giant chain of tire service stations and stores which it is predicted will greatly lower automobile upkeep costs. A unique co-operative plan which has been tested out and found successful. Output of splendid factory already secured, more to follow. The success of other chain stores and the tremendous growth of the automobile industry—consequently of the tire business—makes this one of the most attractive and interesting enterprises. We have made every effort to verify the statements made here and to the best of our knowledge the statements are accurate and the estimates conservative.—(Publisher Home Magazine.)

By M. E. PHILLIPS.
(Staff Representative Home Magazine.)

Who gets the $200,000,000.00 A YEAR TIRE PROFITS?

Do you know that the cost of producing a tire is possibly ONE THIRD of the price you have to pay? That a small tire you pay $15.00 for costs about $5.00 to manufacture? That the tire costing about $20.00 to build has to retail for about $60.00?

Do you know that the tire manufacturer is satisfied to sell his tires for very little over the cost, and at only a fraction of the retail price?

Where does the balance go?

Who, then, gets this enormous "cut in" on the tires you buy?

DO YOU? Of course not.

Who, then?

Well, the JOBBER gets a BIG slice. The WHOLESALER gets another BIG slice.

The RETAILER gets HIS SHARE.

The rest goes into advertising, deal- [illegible] departments, etc.

[illegible] the Tire Buyer, pay [illegible] price and worry about [illegible] upkeep of your motor [illegible]

Will Cut Tire Costs

A clever tire man, [illegible] with intimate knowledge of the tire industry, a man with breadth of vision and economic principles, has seen this enormous WASTAGE in the tire business and has evolved a PLAN that will revolutionize the tire selling business.

He argues that TIRES COST THE CONSUMER TOO MUCH.

He says there is no reason on earth why the tire buyer should have to pay this enormous burden of profits and selling costs. If tires can be made for ONE THIRD of the present retail prices they can be sold FOR LESS than prices now charged for them and still pay legitimate profits. LARGE PROFITS, because of the volume of business a company offering such savings is bound to achieve.

This far-sighted man is a PRACTICAL TIRE MAN. As a manufacturer he has MADE GOOD. He is a PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN, with all a practical man's dislike for waste. He has proved his genius for organization and big things.

This man is **Mr. J. G. Feist, President** of the National Rubber Company of New York.

Plans Chain of Stores

Mr. Feist's plan is to establish a chain of tire service and store stations from Maine to California, and Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The National Rubber Company of New York has been organized with strong men behind it and it has already secured the output of one entire factory as the nucleus of this chain store plan. More factories will be added as the chain extends and the need of more tires becomes evident. The first factory whose product has been secured is the National Rubber Company of Pottstown, Pa., manufacturers of the famous National Speedway Tires and National Red Tubes.

The NATIONAL SPEEDWAY REDWALL TIRES are so GOOD that they are sold under the strongest GUARANTEE to be had.

This company now has a production of 1,000 tires and tubes a day and is being enlarged to a much greater capacity. When the distribution exceeds the capacity of this plant, new plants will be started or bought in different sections of the country, or factory outputs contracted for in order to bring up the production to the necessary number of tires.

Mr. Feist proposes to sell tires at a MUCH LOWER PRICE than is now being charged for good tires elsewhere.

He plans to give SUPERIOR SERVICE to tire buyers.

He will give them a BETTER TIRE. He anticipates that in doing this his company will prove the greatest profit maker in the tire field.

Experimental Plant a Success

Mr. Feist is not building his company's future on imagination or theory. Before maturing his plans he opened in Philadelphia a station such as he proposes to establish elsewhere.

This is what his Philadelphia service station and store does:

It sells tires below the average price of high class tires of equal size and quality.

It delivers tires PUT ON YOUR CAR. You phone in that you need a 34x4 tire and give your address. A [illegible] picks up the required tire, puts it in the carrier of a motor-cycle and speeds off to your address. On arrival he takes off your old tire and puts on the new one. No trouble, no mess.

If you want your old tire repaired he takes it back with him and it is delivered as soon as repairs are made.

You have saved time, labor, worry and money.

The success of this first service station PROVES what REASONABLE PRICES, HIGH QUALITY GOODS, EFFICIENT SERVICE will accomplish. Profits are large because of volume. The Philadelphia service station already has 11,000 CUSTOMERS. (Not tires, but CUSTOMERS.)

The Famous Philadelphia Experimental Tire Service Store that proved to President Feist of the National Rubber Co. the practical possibilities of tire chain stores, located at the corner of North and Broad streets.

Officers and Officials of the National Rubber Company of N. Y. These men have made the making and selling of tires their [illegible] and branch managers. They are pioneers in [illegible] the tire business from the experimental stage. Today they are large factors in the manufacturing of the best [illegible] that money can buy. W. C. Walsh, who is superintendent of the plant, has been for [illegible] chemist of the making of the best known tires in America. All these men of the Ajax Tire & Rubber Co., an allied company. Mr. Dougherty has been in tire representative for years, formerly with the Ajax Tire Co. R. A. Lamoree has also been a branch tire store manager and general tire salesman with several big companies.

With this established PROOF of the value of this new departure service plan, Mr. Feist has organized a company to establish National Rubber Company SERVICE STATIONS and stores all over the country.—His plan provides for opening 500 stores the first year, if possible, and more stores each year by year as the company grows.

Offers Great Opportunities

The OPPORTUNITIES offered by this chain of tire service stores are self-evident.

CHAIN STORES of all kinds have been enormously successful. They have built up some of the greatest fortunes in the country. They have made their original investors enormously rich. And this in spite of the fact that most chain stores have dealt only in articles selling for a very small sum. HOW MUCH GREATER should be the profits of a chain of stores selling a product whose every SINGLE SALE equals the sale of HUNDREDS of the articles sold in most chain stores?

[illegible] the chain [illegible] [illegible] THAN [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CHICAGO LEDGER 13

Section of tire-making department. Here a small army of workmen are constantly employed putting the finishing touches to National Redwall Speedway tires. These workmen are the high-skilled labor and their rapidity and efficiency is wonderful. The splendid modern character of this ideal plant is shown clearly in this picture, with its strong, clear light, fine equipment and good flooring, and conditions for turning out high-class work.

(Continued From Preceding Page.)

manufacturer to buy for cash and get a similar benefit. So it becomes an endless chain of savings that benefits the individual consumer the greatest.

Economy of Cash Buying

The chain store man uses his cash to buy everything. He buys everything the same way. He buys his fixtures, his delivery wagons—if he uses them—his every necessity at the lowest cash price, and bulk with the chain store man means tremendous bulk.

Boston Service Store of National Rubber Company, located at 357 Columbus avenue

If these chain stores, selling articles that retail for such a small price, can earn such fabulous dividends, what will a chain of tire service stores earn with the big sales it will make; sales averaging $20 apiece?

It doesn't take a prophet to look into the future and see the magnificent accumulations of dividends that should accrue from such an enterprise.

It isn't hard to foresee what the earnings of such a chain of stores can pay in say ten years from today. By that time the chain should extend to every city of any importance in the country. This may mean thousands of such stores, because there are in the United States 1,442 towns of 5,000 or more inhabitants and over 100 cities having a population of 25,000 or over. The small towns, say the towns under 10,000, would require only one such service station, while the larger towns would require a number of them.

Thousands of Chain Stores

To give you an idea of how many stores some of the big chains operate, we recall to mind the fact that the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company, with over 1,500 retail stores; the United Cigar Stores, with over 1,000 retail stores; the Woolworth Company, with over 1,300 stores, etc.

The tremendous growth of the automobile industry—a growth that is gathering size and importance every day—makes this projected chain of tire service stores all the more important.

At the beginning of 1917 there were approximately THREE MILLION autos in use in the United States. According to last census, figures show there were in 1910 date of last census) 21,922,000 inhabitants in the U. S. It is calculated that there are now at least 110,000,000 people in the U. S. At this rate, there is one auto in the U. S. for every 40 people. In many of the states, the ratio is higher than one for every 16 people. This means that THERE IS A TREMENDOUS POSSIBILITY FOR MORE MACHINES.

According to the best informed automobile authorities, it is calculated that there are about 1,000,000 auto owners during the year 1917, bringing up the total close to FOUR MILLION AUTOS in actual use in the U. S. With the present normal distribution of cars, and all the automobile factories of any account way behind in deliveries, an enormous supply of tires will be required to keep these autos running.

21,000,000 Tires Needed

Very moderate estimates place the number of tires required on each car at EIGHT PER YEAR. Each auto MUST HAVE FIVE TIRES, four on the wheels and one spare tire. It is an ultra conservative estimate, therefore, that places the required number of tires to meet the needs of 1917 at SIX PER CAR. At this rate, 4,000,000 automobiles will require 24,000,000 tires. This is truly AN AMAZING FIGURE for an industry that is only a little over a dozen years old.

The description of these cars which used at present time is more than When the other sections have awakened to the advantages and uses of the automobile and its economy for travel and commercial purposes, it is more than likely that the distribution will be much more even.

It has been estimated by statisticians that there are **OVER TEN MILLION men in the U. S. who should be, and probably soon will be, auto owners.** These are men who, because of their business, their financial condition and their position, should become automobile owners.

There are upwards of seven million farmers in the U. S., and of these a large percentage will probably become owners of automobiles. Just now only about 7 per cent of the prosperous farmers own automobiles. The farmer is today the RICH MAN of the U. S. He has been receiving the biggest prices ever paid for crops, he has by scientific farming increased the yield of his acres, and he has been fortunate in getting big crops when the price was highest.

For these reasons, THE FARMER IS USUALLY PROSPEROUS and he is putting some of his riches into the comforts and conveniences of an automobile.

With such prospects, with such a tremendous field to conquer, with the SUCCESS that has attended the FIRST UNIT of the National Rubber Company chain of service stores, it is not hard to visualize the ENORMOUS POSSIBLE PROFITS from this enterprise.

How Profits Pile Up

Even a casual consideration of the subject makes tax figures run into such amazing colossal proportions that it is staggering.

The great earnings of chain stores of all kinds has been to the aggregate

When you have one store and put other profits in one great heap you have a formidable aggregation, an aggregate which doesn't have to be very large in the individual case to make up this magnificent total.

Let us take into consideration one unit and study how it works out.

Firstly, we must remember that these service stores are operated at a minimum of expense. Being administered from the central office, whose costs of operation are spread over the whole chain, the local stores require only inexpensive help. The man who operates a store of his own expects to make A GOOD LIVING out of it for himself AND A GOOD PROFIT besides, he has to pay for everything on the high price of individual purchases. He has to have efficient help, has to advertise and, of course, he has fixed charges for rent, light, taxes, insurance, etc.

Chain Store Savings

The chain store buys only the necessary help, it eliminates the owner's living and profits, it buys in enormous quantities at prices that make the prices the individual store owner pays seem preposterous, it pays the minimum for taxes, for insurance and the advertising expense of operating is carried in bulk by the parent company, and this is divided pro rata so that each individual store pays only a small sum as its share of the advertising expense.

Tires are bought at actual contract price from the manufacturer which is lower than the average jobber pays.

We then have EXPENSES PARED DOWN TO THE BONE, probably HALF WHAT THEY WOULD BE UNDER ORDINARY CONDITIONS. And we have the most attractive kind of a proposition to offer to the tire buyer—THE BEST TIRE ON THE MARKET AT MUCH LESS than he would have to pay elsewhere, A SERVICE NO OTHER TIRE CONCERN GIVES OR can give, GUARANTEED SATISFACTION backed up by a company operating a nation-wide chain of stores.

With so much to offer and with such splendid profit-making advantages it is not hard to look into the future and see every store paying a big profit and the company earning dazzling dividends.

What may one store earn, you may ask?

Let us do a little figuring.

Firstly, the FACTORY FACTORY SELLING EXPENSE IS ELIMINATED The entire output of the factory is sold to one customer—the chain store.

The saving of the traveling expense and the salesman's salaries and commissions, of the advertising and promotion expense. The allied office expense and credit expense. All these are SAVED by the chain store. In the case of [illegible] a selling cost of 4 per cent.

10 PER CENT

is the [illegible] profit.

No thinking man or woman has to be told that any SUM the manufacturer receives ALONE CONTROLS THE QUALITY AND QUANTITY of materials used in making tires, because ONLY AND SOLELY from this SUM IS the PROFIT derived.

Instead of the TREMENDOUS OVERHEAD selling and distributing expense, the enormous discounts demanded by the jobber, the wholesaler and the retailer, it the manufacturing cost were TOO HIGH or even over his competitors, then the added charges as described here, increase out of proportion and the consumers' prices would be prohibitive.

Hence, in National Speedway Tires most of the factory selling cost is put in the tire in ADDED QUALITY AND QUANTITY, and the usual trade discounts are divided with the consumer.

Profits of Chain Stores

We now come to the question of the profits of the chain stores—Of each unit and of the chain in the aggregate.

After a careful scrutiny of costs of manufacturing, of operating a chain store—each unit—and figuring a retail price on the tires on a sensible reduction over average price of tires of equal size and quality, we find that there is still possible an average margin of $5 per tire. This is "AVERAGED" because some of the tires will pay more profit while some will pay less, but the average has been shown to be about $5 per tire sold.

This is evidently a CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE.

If each chain store sells ONLY 10 TIRES PER DAY, we have each store earning a profit of $50 a day or $50,000 a day profit for 1,000 stores.

$50,000 profit per day for 365 days in the year—tire service stations are busier Sundays and holidays than other days. FIGURES OUT THE ENORMOUS TOTAL OF $18,250,000 A YEAR PROFITS

You will realize that an estimate of only ten tires per day is very small. When you consider the tremendous advantages of dealing with National Rubber Company service stores, the high class of the product, the low price, the good service given in the way of instant special deliveries, placing the tire on the car and taking away the injured tire for repairs, it is not hard to understand why these stores should do an enormous business.

Ten tires per day is a very low estimate of the possibilities, but to be even more conservative, let us cut down this estimate by half. Let us suppose that the stores only AVERAGE FIVE TIRES PER DAY. Let us see how this figures out.

FIVE TIRES A DAY, showing an average profit of $25 per day per store, one thousand stores will, therefore, pay an estimated daily profit of $25,000. For 365 days in the year, THE ENORMOUS TOTAL WOULD BE $9,125,000, and it would be a mighty small store that couldn't sell five tires per day.

These figures are staggering when you analyze the accumulated profits of hundreds of stores all over the country, each contributing its quota of profits from many sources.

A Gold Mine of Profits

You will note that no estimate has been made of profits from sale of tubes and from the repair department, which should also be profitable.

It will, of course, take time to build up such a large chain of service stations, but in a few years, with the growth of the chain and the enormous increase in the automobile industry and number of cars in use, THIS CHAIN OF TIRE SERVICE STATIONS SHOULD BECOME A VERITABLE GOLD MINE OF PROFITS FOR EVERY STOCKHOLDER WHO BECOMES INTERESTED IN THIS COMPANY NOW, when its shares can be acquired at a low initial price.

The National Rubber Company of New York, is incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware, with a capitalization of $5,000,000, divided into 500,000 shares of the par value of $10 PER SHARE. ALL COMMON STOCK, SHARING EQUALLY IN PROFITS AND CARRYING FULL VOTING POWER.

THE STOCK IS FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

For the purpose of establishing the business on a right basis, the directors have set aside 160,000 SHARES OF THIS STOCK TO BE SOLD TO THE PUBLIC.

Their idea is that by obtaining a wide distribution for this stock, they will create local interest in the local distributing and service stations of the National Rubber Company.

Underwriting Stock Offer

This UNDERWRITING SYNDICATE STOCK is offered in five different allotments

The first allotment will be sold in lots of not less than TEN SHARES and not more than 100 shares at $6 per share, or half the par value of the stock.

This first allotment of 20,000 shares is the only stock of the UNDERWRITING allotment that will be sold at this low price. The next allotment will probably be sold at from 65 to 75 per cent advance in price as soon as the first allotment of 20,000 shares is disposed of. Further allotments at further advances in war rranted.

It is desired—as nearly as possible—to place every share of the UNDERWRITING stock in the hands of owners, or prospective owners, of automobiles, who will become immediate patrons of the chain stores and who ARE ALSO OFFERED AN INDUCEMENT TO BECOME BOOSTERS FOR THE TIRE SERVICE STATIONS. THIS INDUCEMENT CONSISTS OF A CASH DISCOUNT OF 25 PER CENT UNDER THE STANDARD LIST PRICES FOR ALL TIRES SOLD BY THE NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY TO ITS SHARRHOLDERS.

An automobile owner, therefore, has a double interest in buying this stock.

The saving alone in tire bills for a year should pay for this ten shares if he buys at this price and he will have, besides the savings in tire costs, the dividends which the company declares.

IS THIS INVESTMENT WORTH WHILE, you May ask?

What This Means to Autoists

Let us study it over. $79 invested in ten shares of this underwriting stock will save the automobile owner 25 per cent on his tire bills, for tires—say—$80 a year, he will be saved, therefore $20. That means that the stock will have paid him 100 per cent on his investment or 50 per cent on the par value of the stock, which, compared on a stock's ability to earn 8 per cent, will make his TEN SHARES REPRESENT AN INVESTMENT OF $1,000 FROM AN ORIGINAL INVESTMENT OF $79. Any company begins paying dividends, the stockholder is to get and over if the dividends amount to more than 25 per cent.

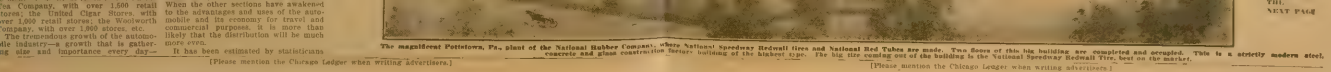
When the company gets on a 10 per cent dividend basis the stock he bought for $79 should [illegible] present an investment $200. When it pays 40 per cent, it should have an INVESTMENT VALUE OF $1,000.

So when the company is in a position to pay 50 per cent dividends this stock should represent an investment to the automobile owner of $2,000, figured on the basis of the dividends and savings he will get from his tire purchases. And all from an original investment of $50

(Continued on next page.)

Number vault. In this vault are stored thousands and thousands of pounds of unvulcanized rubber for the use of the factory. It is stored here just as it comes from the ships.

The Famous National
Tire Guarantee
We guarantee Speedway Tires to outwear any other tire (same size) regardless of price, provided conditions of test are equal.
Place a Speedway tire on your car opposite any competitive tire of the same size. If the Speedway tire does not outwear the other, all conditions being equal, we will give you a new tire FREE



The magnificent Pottstown, Pa., plant of the National Rubber Company, where National Speedway Redwall tires and National Red Tubes are made. Two floors of this big building are completed and occupied. This is a strictly modern steel, concrete and glass construction factory, befitting of the highest type. The big tire running out of the building is the National Speedway Redwall Tire, best on the market.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE NEXT PAGE

[Please mention the Chicago Ledger when writing advertisers.]

(Continued from preceding page.)

When the company reaches its full development and its 1,000 or more stores begin piling up big profits, such as we have already figured on, profits that mean exceptional dividends, THIS ORIGINAL INVESTMENT WILL HAVE ACCUMULATED A PHENOMENAL VALUE.

NO AUTOMOBILE OWNER CAN AFFORD TO OVERLOOK SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY.

A blind man could see the possibilities presented in this underwriting offer—an offer so liberal that the directors had to confine it to a small amount of stock.

An Exceptional Offer

The offer of the stock at $5 per share (par $10) is in itself a tremendous inducement, but when it is coupled with the offer of the company to extend a discount of 25 per cent on all tire and tube purchases made through the company, it becomes so extremely attractive a proposition that NONE CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE IT.

The savings in tire costs alone should pay for the stock of those who accept this offer and should pay for the stock of those who buy at a higher price.

This, in itself, makes the proposition attractive. But when the future of this company is analyzed and the possibilities it offers are considered, the offer becomes immensely more attractive.

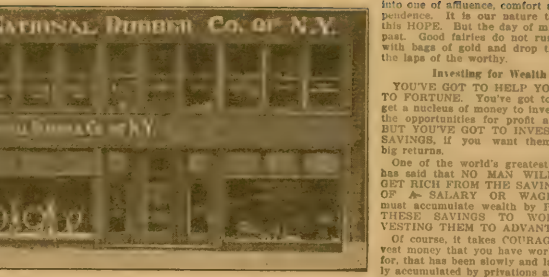
YOU NEED NOT NECESSARILY BE AN AUTOMOBILE OWNER today to accept this offer. Your stock in the National Rubber Company will entitle you to this 25 per cent discount on tires and tubes JUST AS LONG AS YOU REMAIN A STOCKHOLDER. Later, when you buy an auto, you'll be able to buy tires at this great saving.

You often hear it said that if you had a chance to invest with Ford, or Willys-Overland fame, with Goodrich or Fisk or Firestone; with Westinghouse or Bell, or some of the others, whose companies have earned fabulous dividends, and made stockholders rich, you would today be ON EASY STREET.

This is very true, but the pitiful truth is YOU DID NOT HAVE THIS CHANCE. VERY FEW PEOPLE DID. These companies were all close corporations with the stock held in the hands of a small group of men. These stocks were not offered to the public.

A Chance in a Million

BUT HERE IS A CHANCE. Here is a company offering UNDERWRITING STOCK, stock that can now be bought at the ROCK BOTTOM PRICE, that should in time become enormously remunerative. Stock in a company that promises to have tremendous growth.



Chicago store of National Rubber Company, 1339 Michigan Boulevard

Woolworth and Whalen and the others, who have made tens of millions out of chain stores never gave the public a chance to come in on the organization. They have sold stock since, lots of it, to the general public, but it has been stock in the developed proposition, stock that has been sold on the market AT THE VALUE IT REPRESENTS NOW, a value figured on the company's earning power.

LATER YOU MAY GET A CHANCE on the National Rubber Company stock on the open market but YOUTL PAY THE PRICE OF DEVELOPED STOCK. If the company is earning 100 per cent on its capitalization, you'll pay for it at that rate, which, in that case, would probably be $2,000 for every $100 par value, or $200 a share for $10 shares.

THIS IS THE PENALTY THAT SHORT-SIGHTED PEOPLE PAY for not accepting opportunities that are offered them.

Section of Tube Plant—Capacity of this department over 1,000 tubes a day.

The poorhouse is FULL OF SUCH PEOPLE, "THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS."

They lacked the initiative and courage to back their belief with their money.

Those Who Had Courage

The others, those who are without fear, those who have the courage to back their judgment with their money, they are those you watch spinning past you on the boulevard in luxurious limousines, whose homes line the fashionable streets.

MONEY MAKES MONEY, but it takes an exceptional opportunity to bring you big returns from small investments. You read, for instance, that $500 invested in such-and-such stock has earned $250,000; that $500 invested in such other stock has paid $200,000; that $1,000 in Ford stock of the original company is now worth millions. THAT IS ALL TRUE, gospel truth, BUT did YOU ever get a chance to invest in the original $28,000 that started Ford on the highroad to his present millions? Did you get a chance to invest in the $33,000 that John N. Willys has built up into the tens of millions of the Overland Company? Did YOU get a chance to get in on Westinghouse, or Bell Telephone, or Western Union, or Wellsbach Mantles stock? Of course not. And very few people did BECAUSE THESE STOCKS WERE RARELY OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC BEFORE DEVELOPMENT.

There's a Reason

This stock is offered for a reason.

It is offered by the UNDERWRITERS of this company to start it with a nucleus of interested tire buyers and boosters in every locality.

The directors put a MINIMUM OF TEN SHARES AND A MAXIMUM OF 100 SHARES on this offer. It would doubtless be more profitable to the company if every subscription for this stock was for $50 (10 shares), par value $100, because that would mean that the greatest number of people possible would be holding this stock and boosting for the company.

10,000 holders of stock scattered throughout the country would mean a veritable army of boosters, helping build up the business IN WHICH EACH ONE HAS A SOLID, SUBSTANTIAL INTEREST.

Ten thousand boosters, working to popularize and make known the high quality of National SPEEDWAY REDWALL TIRES and National Red Tubes —boosting this way because it is TO THEIR INTEREST to boost this way—would save the company tens of thousands of dollars per annum in advertising expense.

That's the principal REASON WHY THIS STOCK IS OFFERED TO YOU AND EVERYONE WHO BUYS TIRES OR EXPECTS TO BUY TIRES

It is WORTH IT to the company to make you EVERY INDUCEMENT to buy this stock. AND IT IS CERTAINLY WORTH WHILE TO YOU TO BUY IT.

Waiting for a Miracle

Every man hopes, some day, that by some wonderful miracle he will be lifted out of the life of drudging toil he leads into one of affluence, comfort and independence. It is our nature to live in this HOPE. But the day of miracles is past. Good fairies do not run around with bags of gold and drop them into the laps of the worthy.

Investing for Wealth

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP YOURSELF TO FORTUNE. You're got to save to get a nucleus of money to invest where the opportunities for profit are large. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO INVEST YOUR SAVINGS, if you want them to pay big returns.

One of the world's greatest bankers has said that NO MAN WILL EVER GET RICH FROM THE SAVINGS OUT OF A SALARY OR WAGES. He must accumulate wealth by PUTTING THESE SAVINGS TO WORK, INVESTING THEM TO ADVANTAGE.

Of course, it takes COURAGE to invest money that you have worked hard for, that has been slowly and laboriously accumulated by privations and sacrifices. But IT IS THE COURAGEOUS WHO WIN THE EARTH.

DON'T INVEST ALL YOUR SAVINGS. That wouldn't be the wise course. Keep a reserve of your savings for eventualities, for sickness or loss of position or unexpected calls, BUT INVEST PART OF YOUR SAVINGS WHERE THEY CAN EARN YOU SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

Invest Future Savings

Or better still, HERE IS A PLAN BY WHICH YOU CAN ACQUIRE THIS STOCK WITHOUT TOUCHING YOUR SAVINGS.

BUY WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR OUT OF YOUR NEXT SAVINGS.

The directors have made it EASY FOR YOU TO GET THIS STOCK AND PAY FOR IT OUT OF YOUR FUTURE SAVINGS.

You can pay down $10 ON EVERY TEN SHARES OF STOCK YOU WANT AND PAY THE BALANCE IN FOUR EQUAL PAYMENTS OF $10 A MONTH for each 10 shares, making the total of $50 for the ten shares, par value $100.

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15 shares (par value $150)
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Main Office: National Rubber Bldg., Broad and North Streets
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(*Street Address*) _____ (Town and State) _____

In Bloody Mary's Days
Or, The Nottingham Maid
By T. C. Harbaugh

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Begun in No. 7, February 17. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GILBERT and Tyrus were still uncaught by the minions of the Queen. "Bloody Mary" sat in her palace waiting for some news, and with the frowning, clinching of her pale hands told how deep was her royal wrath!

What sort of officials had she? Were there none in all London who could bring the two men to justice? Whenever the door opened and admitted one of her courtiers, she would spring forward and demand to know if Gilbert Blondel was the fellow's name, clinching of her pale hands told how deep was her royal wrath!

At length there sifted into her chamber news of the flight in the table linen. She knew that her chief marshal had felt a rapier's point to his undoing, and that some of his companions were as unfortunate.

This only increased the ire of the royal lioness. She was beside herself with anger. Her personal attendants feared to approach her, and she was left to bite her nails and curse alone.

All London was thrown into turmoil. The night-watches were instructed to invade every cranny of the city; new bands were formed, swords and bucklers were sent, and Queen Mary smiled when she learned all these things.

Gilbert Montjoy stood alone in a little room. His face had grown haggard within the last few days. His eyes seemed to have reflected the danger lines in their sockets, and he started at every sound. The loss of Lucy was eating out his soul.

Old Tyrus had gone away for the space in hopes of getting a line upon their landmark, and Gilbert had promised to await his return, which he was trusting to do with rising courage.

The shade of the one window in the little room had been pulled down, and the lamp on the table threw a faint light around him. No one came. It was terrible to wait there for—nothing.

What was he should fall into the hands of the King's men? Well—and then? Whatever happened, the old man would never forsake him.

Suddenly there came a childish knock on the door, and Gilbert, whipping out the blade, sprang across the room.

Still clutching the sword, he carefully opened the portal and looked into the rosy face of a little girl, who was beautiful in her innocence, with eyes that resembled Lucy's and set Gilbert's heart to beating fast and furious. He let the child in, and relocking the door, led her to the fire, where he seated her on a chair.

"What is it, little one?" asked Gilbert, fondly caressing her. "You come like a light from darkness."

The child looked up and smiled.

"Who sent you?" Gilbert went on. "On what errand have you come?"

The bright eyes twinkled.

"I—I thought you wanted company," she said. "You must be lonely in this house."

"And lonely," returned Gilbert, for the word touched him. "Do you live in the house?"

"Yes, downstairs, and sometimes I get lonely, too."

Montjoy took the child in his arms and kissed her. She was again dangling her feet in the air and looking into the blaze on the hearth.

"I have brought you something," she said at length, diving into the pocket of her plaid dress. "It isn't much, but mamma and I can't read, you know. Maybe you can."

The little hand brought forth a bit of crumpled paper, which Gilbert took and carried over to the table lamp.

"It found it a while ago when I went to the grocer's for a bit of butter," exclaimed the little one. "It came fluttering to my feet before the wind, and I don't know why I put it in my pocket. It isn't of much account, I fear, and I am foolish to bring it to you."

Gilbert heard none of this, for he was thrilled to the quick, and his hands trembled as they gripped the paper.

"It is something!" said he, looking over at the tiny figure in the chair.

"Where were you when you found this?" he asked.

"I was coming home in roundabout fashion," was the reply, "and I was in Princess square when the wind blew the paper to me."

"In Princess square!

"Yes, where the great people live."

Once more Gilbert read the message, for it was nothing less than that. The words seemed to burn themselves into his brain. They nestled there like red hot coals.

In a minute he could have repeated every word by heart:

"To Whoever Finds This—Will no one help us? We are imprisoned against our will in Sir John Talbot's house. Death stares us in the face. This is our cry for help. Come to our aid, for the fatal blow may fall at any moment.

"LUCY LALLIRE and ELEANOR SELKIRK."

No wonder Gilbert's heart beat like a bird against the walls of her cage. It was Lucy! Lucy in danger! Lucy, nay, Well, a call from both wicked London and peaceful Nottingham.

He went over to the child and kissed her brow.

"This little message is worth all my hunting," he said.

"Then it is something?"

"It is more than that; it is everything!"

He was impatient to obey Lucy's call, but he had promised to wait for Tyrus. The child, who had nestled warmly before the fire, and more than ever resembled Lucy, Gilbert stood off, and with folded arms looked her in silence.

Wait for Tyrus? Why should he? The old man might never come; he might have fallen into the hands of the Queen's night-watch, and even now might be behind cars of steel.

The child slumbered with now and then a smile upon her lips as she saw were chasing a butterfly in some fairy dream.

"I must go!" cried he. "I cannot wait for Tyrus! I must take the lion's den."

Once more he looked at the child, and then at his sword. What would she think when she awoke? But the message was imperative. He would go to Lucy's rescue, the all the night-watches of London stood between him and Princess Square.

Before he went he left a note for Tyrus on the door, telling him where he would know the truth when he returned.

Once out in the street he hastened away, a dim figure between the twinkling lights of London. He thought of nothing but the call for help. He saw nothing but the frowning walls of the stately houses before the door, showing its grotesque but handsome windows.

Gilbert pursued his way until he came in sight of the palace, stopped short, and drew his rapier, clutching it with firmness, while his lips came together with determination.

No one was in sight. The marble lions on the steps were as still as Nottingham and the trees before the estate seemed had no warning tongues. He glided around the wall, and looked for a boost up between him and the stars. Lucy and Lady Eleanor were somewhere within.

The silence that touched the place was almost palpable. The crickets had ceased their evening song, and nothing but a bat crossed the line of Gilbert's vision.

How could he get beyond the lower door? He had been in the house before, but then he and Tyrus had entered by the front way. He seemed checked at the onset.

Presently a door opened, and a servant came out with a bundle on her arm. Gilbert saw her close the door without locking it. In another moment he was beside. He halted in a chamber as dark as Erebus and filled with the smells of the kitchen. Rapier in hand, he began to grope for a door, and found it at last. To pull it open was the work of an instant, and into another chamber he went.

Where were Lucy and Lady Eleanor? The query almost drove all blood from his brain.

Somewhere a door opened and he heard voices. Lady Talbot was speaking in some one in tones of obsequiousness.

"You do not care to be seen here, I know," said the voice. "The carriage is not far away. We will go out by the rear entrance. I will not forget. You can fully trust myself and Sir John."

"I think you," was the reply, and a door ahead revealed two women. Gilbert's figure had all the light upon it; he stood revealed. Secrecy was no longer possible.

In a flash he leaped forward with a startling cry, and Lady Talbot in her fright threw her arms about her companion.

"No! No!" welled from her throat. "In God's name don't touch the Queen of England!"

Gilbert stood like a statue; his sword nearly fell from his hands. He was in the presence of Mary Tudor, and his rapier's point had touched the royal throat. It was a dramatic scene. Tho the Queen was out incognito, Gilbert saw the Tudor eyes and the Tudor mien.

"The curse of God upon the whole Tudor race!" thundered the young man, tho he looked at Lady Talbot.

"It is the same man who has been here," whispered Talbot's wife to the brothless Queen.

"I am!" was the reply. "I have come for Lucy of Nottingham, and woe to the man that would detain me!"

By this time the Queen of England had got second breath.

"Guards!" she cried, all the fierceness of her cruel nature breaking forth. "Leave this house and hide somewhere till they find you for your guilt!"

"By my life, no!" hissed the man from the North. "Queens nor blocks shall break my purpose. I come for Lucy Lallire, I say. Do you hear? Lead the way to her, or, by my life, I'll despoil England of her Queen!" and again Queen Mary drew back, for something that had a needle's point touched her bosom.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN JACK BLUNDERBLADE, despite his oath, was loath to quit London. He felt that the size of the city, its narrow and dark holes which invited seclusion, would gladly harbor him from the wrath of Tyrus. His only escape from the vengeance of the old swordsman was to vanish.

Little woman, once his wife, whom he had thrown into the Thames.

Before he was out of her way, he had sought places where he imagined an asylum awaited him, and thus, on the night of Gilbert's invasion of Talbot House, he might have been seen sneaking like a hunted rat along gloomy streets where the moon threw little light and seemed to befriend one of his ilk.

It was during this effort to keep in the dark that he saw Gilbert cross a

(Continued on Page 17.)

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In Bloody Mary's Days.

(Continued From Page 15.)

lighted place near Talbot House. Jack suddenly turned and followed at the young man's heels.

That Montjoy was after something he rightly divined, and when he slipped to the rear of Talbot House, he was soon on the old trail. Meantime Gilbert had entered the place to come upon Lady Talbot and Queen Mary incognito.

The discovered Queen saw resolution in Gilbert's eyes, and recoiled from the rapier which had been laid at her throat.

"Quick!" cried Montjoy. "Show me the way to Lucy and her companion in prison!" he cried to Lady Talbot. "This is no child's play."

Queen Mary's face went white.

"Sir, not!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on Lady Talbot's sleeve. "This wretch must be the man who led Jeanne Stafford to Sir Stirling's in Stirling Court. I have disposed of the woman, and now this man must not escape me."

"I confess that I was Jeanne's companion that night," came the girl Gilbert's teeth. "I went with the girl to Stirling Court, but I committed no crime."

"You would have killed but for Khulah," was the reply. "His presence shielded Sir Stirling's life."

A smile came to Gilbert's lips.

"We will parry no longer," said he, boldly. "The Queen of England continually dreams of vengeance. She has King Hal's blood in her veins and——"

"Would you stain the name of my father?" interrupted Mary. "What sort of monster is this?" She was addressing Lady Talbot now. "What has become of your menials?"

"They are within call, your majesty."

"Then summon them at once. We will attend to this man after a while."

Lady Talbot moved toward the door, but suddenly Gilbert's rapier barred the way. She was forced to come to bay.

"Go on!" cried the Queen, stamping her foot in rage at her menials. They must be in the house."

"Stand where you are!" almost thundered Gilbert, advancing a step "By the God of heaven, it will be the worse for you and the Queen if you call a single rascal in!"

The two women looked speechless at one another. Gilbert knew that he was in the most desperate trap he had ever seen. One single cry would be enough to fill the room with the Talbot menials, but would Lady Talbot lift her voice for help?

[illegible] the great house was [illegible]ght, and he doubted [illegible]ned on the se[illegible]ance in the chamber [illegible] was everything. If only Tyrus would come!

Out in the garden crouched a bulky figure with his body bent forward where the branches of a tree concealed Blunderblade, who believed that Gilbert had entered the house and was up to some mischief there, had taken his sword and glued his eyes upon the door not far away. When Gilbert came out, he would pounce upon him like a tiger, and hand him over to the vengeance of Queen Mary, thus settling himself in her estimation.

Seconds were hours to the giant rascal of London. He heard voices, but could not distinguish them; therefore at last he crept forward and laid his hand on the latch of the outer door. It was a strange thing for him to do. He pushed the portal inward and stood in the dark as the voices continued:

"That was the Queen's voice!" he suddenly ejaculated. "In the name of the first saint, what brought Mary Tudor to Talbot House tonight?"

He threw himself across the room and found a door thru the keyhole of which an arrow of light fell upon the carpet.

"He is here," he said to himself. "Gilbert Montjoy is threatening her majesty."

That was the way to the two captives" he heard Gilbert say. "I have done with parley."

"That to Queen Mary!" thought Blunderblade. "The infernal villain!"

Jack's hand was already on the knob. His teeth came together with a furious snap, and the next moment he had flung the door wide.

"I am here!" cried he, as he sprang across the threshold. Captain Blunderblade always serves his Queen."

Gilbert whirled at the voice and came face to face with the bully in velvet. Jack recoiled a pace and threw out his blade. Queen Mary with clasped hands uttered a cry of joy. Her jeweled hand shot forward and covered Montjoy, whose rapier was already at Blunderblade's breast.

"If you are for the Queen, disarm that man! Don't take his life. Leave that for Tyrus!"

Her white face was the personification of royal anger; there was a death flash in her deep-set eyes, and her figure was drawn to its true height.

"Spare the man for Mary of England," she went on, stamping again on the carpet. "Kill Kenry's blood burns in every vein of mine."

"Back thru you door!" cried Gilbert. "Back thru you door, or my rapier's gift will make a bloody road thru your craven heart! Back, I say."

The next instant Blunderblade saw his sword whirling thru the air, torn from his hand by a swordsman's trick. He stood unarmed, striking his teeth and pale from Gilbert's swiftness.

"Go!" and the rapier stung his breast. "It is retreat or death."

The bully fell back, followed by Gilbert, who kept his blade against his bosom. Over the door he went with a cry from Lady Talbot ringing in his ears.

"Summon the house guards!" she exclaimed. "Bring them down upon the dog who has insulted the Queen!"

It was just what Jack intended to do. Gilbert heard the women help him beyond the door. He had a voice like the bulls of Bashan.

It was the time for the last desperate play. Gilbert at length darted past the two women. He flung open a door and saw the staircase, which was lighted by a swinging lamp. One look was enough. Up the stairs went two at a time, and reached the corridor overhead.

"It's death or Lucy!" shot across his brain.

Down below [illegible] the harsh voices of [illegible] faced on a previous occasion and in that very house.

There were three doors on the floor which he could see. He hammered on the first one, to hear a cry from it.

"Are you there, Lucy?" cried Gilbert. "I am here!"

"And where is Lady Eleanor?"

"In the next chamber."

Gilbert drew back, and then, summoning all his strength, he plunged against the door like a catapult's missile of stone. It was too much for the lock, and in a moment the girl was in his arms.

He carried her into the hall, where he bade her stand a moment. Once more his powerful strength came into play. The next door yielded in like manner, and Lady Eleanor, white and mystified, was seen in the middle of the room.

"Come!" cried Gilbert. "We shall have the minions of Mary upon us directly."

Lady Eleanor obeyed by quitting the room, and stood with Lucy in the corridor.

"Now for the stairway," said Gilbert. "There's not a moment to lose."

Down the corridor they went on the wings of self-preservation. On the top of it Gilbert paused with a blanched face. His way was barred. There were at least twenty rough-looking fellows at the foot of the stair, twenty to one, and a blood yell greeted his appearance.

CHAPTER XX.

QUEEN MARY, fearing that her disguise might be penetrated by her followers, had slipped from Sir John's house by the back door, and her royal chaise was bowling over the stones of London.

Gilbert, upon seeing the minions at the foot of the stair, had set his teeth, for the greatest adventure of his life had come. He was about to go down alone, victory seemed decidedly doubtful. Where was Tyrus? Why did he not come to the rescue with his men? Upon second thought he believed that he could not look for the old swordsman.

At the head of the enemy was Captain Blunderblade, who of himself was enough to block the way. His bulk extended from the banister almost to the wall, and there was a fire of triumph in the rascal's eyes. Lady Eleanor and Lucy, thru fear, drew close to Gilbert, but he shook them off, for they were hampering his actions.

Loud cries came up the stair. The menials, all of whom were armed with the best of weapons, headed by the man of the broken nose, were coming forward.

"No quarter to the dog!" was heard from their foul lips.

Gilbert did not quaver, but his right hand gripped his rapier with renewed courage, and he looked down upon his assailants with the determination of a hero.

Suddenly a figure came running down the corridor which branched off from the top of the stair, and halted at Gilbert's side.

"Tyrus!" cried Gilbert, with a glance at the new comer.

"I'm here, master, by the rarest luck. I heard the turmoil from the outside, and that's why I came."

Jack Blunderblade started when he beheld the face of the new foe, but those behind him would not let him retreat, but instead were pushing him upward. The big roysterer was in despair; he would be the first man to receive the blade of Tyrus, and Tyrus saw him he cried out for very joy.

"Come!" said he to Gilbert. "Let us charge!" and he looked down the steps they went, swords alert and their vengeance always uppermost.

Gilbert's weapon parried several blows, until the blade of Tyrus found a lodgment in his bosom and he reeled backward, carrying the mass behind him to the foot of the stairway.

"By what way did you come in?" asked Montjoy, as the men looked down on the frost-kissed vines, and in another moment they stood on solid ground.

No time was wasted. They spurned the stones beneath their feet and heard behind them the beginning of another chase.

It now seemed as if all London was at their heels. The mob was augmented at every step, the night-watch had heard of the fight in Sir John's house, and were roaring lions in the fugitives' wake.

"In here!" cried Gilbert, pushing open a door just around a corner.

"It may prove a trap," said Lucy, drawing back white with fear.

"If it proves Satan's kingdom we must enter," was Gilbert's reply.

Into the house they went, shutting the door behind them and barring it with an oaken stick that stood invitingly near.

"Who's here?" asked a voice in the almost palpable gloom.

The sound led Gilbert forward, his hand still on the rapier. In another room he came in contact with an old man [illegible] pallet of straw.

[illegible] bended, [illegible] haunt [illegible] speak or die."

"I am in hiding from Bloody Mary," said he.

"Then we are friends," announced Gilbert. "We are dying from her executioners."

"Don't for Heaven's sake compromise me."

"What's beyond the house?"

"Garden of litter."

"Beyond that door?"

The old man nodded. The hunted four darted forward ,and Tyrus was the first to reach the night air.

"It's the devil's garden," the others heard him say.

Beyond the litter which filled the

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opening lay one of London's ornate streets, and the four were soon there. They heard the heavy tolling of the bell near by, which was awaking London for their doom.

"For the Queen! For Mary Tudor!" fell upon their trained ears.

The girls drew close and shuddered. It was a run down the lighted streets, and Gilbert cursed the cressets that blazed along the path.

"Here they are!" went up a loud shout. "Here are the ones Queen Mary wants."

Gilbert shoved the two girls ahead of him, then turned to Tyrus with a flaming face.

"It's the death fight now!" said he, planting himself firmly on the stones.

Four men were coming at them with all the fury of a quartet of bloodthirsty tigers.

"Give me the first dog, good Tyrus!" Gilbert cried, and then he leaped straight at the enemy and drove the rapier home.

The others recoiled from the attack, and before one could plant a blow the old swordsman was in their midst. The one spared ruffian took to flight and fell half a block away, to quiver on the stones. It was the last battle for the night.

Ere morning came London was quiet. Queen Mary, pacing the floor of the royal boudoir with clinched hands, was cursing after the manner of her father and almost shedding blood with her tears.

The new day broke beautifully over the city, gilding the white sails in the Thames, and the wind was tossing the litter of streets in every direction. Every watchdog was alert.

In the rear garden of Sir John Talbot's mansion lay a huge figure that moved not. Jack Blunderdale had met his fate at last, and his body was placed in a cart and borne to the disgraceful burial in Potter's Field. There would be no more breaking of mugs in the alehouses; the bully had played his last game of infamy and death.

In vain was the search for the fugitives. Lady Eleanor Selkirk was restored to her father, who fled to France and out of the reach of Bloody Mary's hands. The Queen dared not follow the other to Northumberland, she was cordially hated, and Gilbert hung his legacy of steel on the wall.

"You were worth fighting for," he said to Lucy, in the hall below on the cliff. "But how shall we reward old Tyrus?"

The old swordsman refused any gift, but looking into the glowing eyes of the rose of Nottingham he said, with a smile:

"I'll take a lock of your hair for my ring, Mistress Lallire."

"I'll give you more than that," was the smiling answer, and as she extended the gift her rosy lips touched his cheek.

"I go to the adventure again for that!" cried the old man, at which both Lucy and Gilbert broke into laughter.

The Queen of England, sit child of the wife murdered [illegible] out [illegible] great Gilbert" [illegible] grew as she grew older, and on her death couch she cried out that she would give half her realm for just one hour.

And the seasons came and the seasons waned; the wild flowers bloomed on every hill, birds sang in the air their feathery wings, and in the royal palace lay a dead woman who never more would know England and send her subjects to the block.

And as the bells rang for her funeral, people fell upon their knees and prayed that such another creature might never wear fair England's crown.

There were flowers on the cliffs of Nottingham; there was no more use for Gilbert's rapier, and many a day in the golden summertime you little children would find it down from the wall and wreathe it with flowers, whilst Lucy of Nottingham would sob with many tears of love and joy in her witching eyes.

The End.

PHILOSOPHY.

I always try to be content,
The best I've none, nor pelf—
I might as well be who I am,
As merely be myself!

When other go on foreign trips
To Italy or Spain,
I stay at home—I might as well
Be here as where I am!

When others costly raiment buy,
I don't bewail my lot—
I might as well be what I have,
As have what I have got!

And when some rich dyspeptic soul
Moves on from earthly sight,
I'm happy that I have my street
Address and appetite!

HORRID PROSPECT.

"What?" Edgar paused in his walk across the room with one foot raised and viewed with alarm his maternal parent who wore upon her face the conciliatory smile which he had learned prefaced trouble for him.

"I said," Edgar's mother repeated with great cheerfulness, "that Cora is coming—Cora Kibble—the daughter of my dearest old school friend! Effie—that's Cora's mother—Effie and I have been saying for so long in our letters that it's awful to drift apart and that we'd like——"

"Now, mother!" the young man answered vigorously, "I know you! And I know Effie! You two have married me off to Cora a dozen times and I said so sweetly romantic that it should turn out so! Nothing doing! Any girl named Cora is ended for me right there! I know what Cora is like—she has mouse-colored hair dragged back so that her large ears show! And she has a knobby forehead and no figure and wears flat-heeled shoes! She is intensely interested in uplift work, never wasted time on a movie in all her life, and prefers gentlemen who wear spectacles and answer 'Quite so!' You can see that we never were intended for each other and it's a shame to make the poor girl squander car fare coming here. Can't you write her a line to that effect?"

"Why, Edgar Gatepost!" his mother cried, when she had regained her breath. "I'm just ashamed of you! As if I'd let Cora is coming to visit us without any sort of an idea like that in her head——"

"No, mother," agreed the young man, gloomily. "She probably can't break away from her treatise on the infinity of the absolute long enough to realize that she is being chucked toward possible matrimony by her designing parent! Cora may be entirely innocent, but I'm deeply suspicious of you and Effie! You are too guileless about it to get away with it!

"Besides, I remember the time when you tried making a match between me and the daughter of that rich sugar man down South! You dragged us together by the hair of our heads, and we shrieked protests in vain and made faces at each other while you kept your gaze away from us and talked fast about other subjects, thinking to deceive us and lull us into security!

"Why, that sugar girl and I hated each other with a volcanic hatred, and she wasn't so impossible either, while I'm certain that under normal conditions she would have considered me a harmless, rather interesting young man! So I cannot feel blight-hearted about Cora's approach.

"I know how you will let us breakfast alone together, and how you will suggest that she meet me for luncheon and the matinee, if I can get off at the office, and how you constantly will be presenting me with two tickets for a theater and regretting the engagement which keeps you home!

"No, mother; while I realize that it would give you and Effie joyful words to write each other the rest of your lives, should her daughter marry your son, I'd rather buy you a complete letter writer and let it go at that! Somehow, Cora doesn't strike me!"

"Well," said his mother indignantly, "I never heard you go on so in my life! Cora Kibble is a lovely girl, and I wouldn't ask anything better——"

"Oh, I know you wouldn't!" shouted her son. "But where do I come in? Why wish matrimony upon me when I'm going right along tending to my own affairs and not interfering with any one else? I deserve something better than such a fate!"

"I'm sure I don't care if you never get married!" his mother told him, tartly. "I guess Cora Kibble and Cora Kibble snubbed you to death! I am sure she can have a perfectly good time with me and the girls here her own age, regardless of whether you bother to be pleasant or not! Effie writes she has more beaux——"

"Quacks!" said her son. "That's just the way you boast about me, too! Mothers always do! I'll bet Cora never had a beau in her life! I'm going to be horribly busy the next few weeks at the office, anyway—say, where'd this come from?"

The young man in his amblings about the room had picked up a new photograph of an exceedingly beautiful young woman.

"That?" said his mother, airily. "Oh, that's just Cora Kibble—her mother sent it. The young man she's most engaged to is——"

"Peacherino!" whistled the young man, ecstatically. "Say, why didn't you tell me about her before? Is she almost being engaged? I don't believe it! Say, I can save you the trouble of going to meet her at the train just as well as not, if you'll let me!"

Doctor Says Crying Need Of The Woman Of Today Is More Iron In Her Blood

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"In the most common foods of America, the starchy foods, such as potatoes, cereales, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal no longer can be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these foods, and many pitiful foods and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked, are responsible for another great iron loss.

"Therefore, if you wish to preserve your youthful vim and vigor to a ripe old age, you must supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you must use salt when your food has not enough salt.

"As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away the habit forming drugs and nauseous concoctions and use the simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of weak, nervous folks could be saved right now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver trouble, etc. Thousands of these cases which could [illegible] would never [illegible] more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

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The Castaway Boys
Or, LOST ON A RAFT
By St. George Rathborne

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CHAPTER V.

ANDY RISES TO THE OCCASION.

ALTHO partly stunned by the shock of being thrown so violently ashore, Andy quickly recovered his wits. His very first thought was of his chum; and staggering to his feet, he commenced dragging the half-unconscious Specs up the sloping beach on which the raft had been cast. At least, Andy meant that there should be no chance for the hungry waves to reclaim them as victims, now that an opportunity had arisen to escape from their clutches.

Specs began to recover, for Andy heard him call out, and could feel him squirming in his grip.

"It's all right, Specs!" he cried reassuringly.

"Are we ashore then, Andy?" asked the other, struggling further to regain his own feet, at which his sturdy chum rendered the needful assistance. "Is this the real ground I stand upon?"

"Just what it is, Specs, as sure as you're born. He was readily assured, and our voyage on the raft has come to a sudden end. Everything's all right. What we want to do now is to try and drag that same raft upon the shore, or secure the same in some way, so it can't be washed off."

"But why should we bother with the old thing, Andy?"

"We might need it, for all we know," he went on, ignoring the query.

"To start out again on the river, do you mean?" cried Specs. "Oh! Now I know what it all stands for, Andy, can this be only an island we're on?"

"Looks like it to me," affirmed the other; "and we were thrown up on the same just like old Robinson Crusoe was in that gale, you remember. Just to think of the two of us following in his footsteps. Why, Specs, you'll have [illegible] yet!"

Laughing at the odd contingency, exactly what the scheming Andy had in mind to do, Specs nodded cheerfully. It was all the same, and the best way to do this, Andy conceived, was by keeping his mind off the trouble that awaited them, turn which-ever way they would.

So Andy, assisted by his chum, tugged at the raft, finding they could not only manage to drag it much farther up on the little beach, in the end the ropes were carried in so far that even the friendly tree that chanced to be growing near by.

"That said Andy, when that job had finally been accomplished, "if we ever do have any need of my bully old raft, I reckon we'll find it here safe and sound, unless the river rises so fast that it's dragged under, and torn loose from its moorings."

"What shall we do next, Andy?" asked Specs, quite content to have the other do all the managing of the affair, such was the absolute confidence he felt in Andy's capacity for meeting the situation aquirely.

"Well, we've just got to find some place where we'll be sheltered from the rain and this piercing wind, that's what" declared Andy. "Come along, and let's prowl back here a bit. If that lightning only comes often enough, we may find what we're looking for, I guess."

Eventually they discovered a nook amidst some friendly rocks, where they could cower and be free from the drenching rain and the chill wind that seemed to eat right into their bones, owing to the wet condition of their clothes.

"This isn't so bad, if only we had a fire now!" remarked Andy, complacently, as both of them commenced their exercises at once more.

"A fire, Andy?" What wouldn't I give to be holding out my hands to a blaze right now? It would be the finest thing going, barring none, for with a fire a fellow could stand things a lot better—even being hungry, as we are."

"That's a fact," admitted Andy, remembering now for the first time that neither of them had tasted a single bite of food since noon on the preceding day, "but of course it'd be utterly impossible for us to think of such a move. Wait till morning, and I'll promise you that, no matter if I have to find a flint to strike against the back of my jack-knife, and start a spark in some dry tinder, the new the settlers used to do in the early days of the Eastern States, why—"

"I believe you could do that, if you had to, Andy!" cried the admiring Specs.

"Oh! I've read a lot of times; and once I did get fire all right, just to me to see this thing thru, Specs. Feel any better now?"

"Y—es, some warmer, tho it's tiresome work slapping so hard. But I suppose, Andy, we ought to be very thankful we're where we are, and not away out on that awful big water, bobbing up and down in such a terrible way."

"Things are working out splendidly, Specs, just as I knew they would. All we've got to do is to do the right the best way we can, and with that thing there'll come a decided change for the better."

"But it's going to be a terribly long night, I'm afraid, Andy!"

"We've already demanded the other, "when you know as truly as you draw your breath that dawn is sure to come in the end? Just imagine how comfortable in your mind, Specs, and things never will seem as dark and gloomy as you feared. Why, we'll be so tired we'll fall asleep from time to time, for all we know. But it certainly does feel good to be firm ground under our feet, Specs."

In this fashion then did Andy succeed in buoying up the spirits of the other end of the chum, and when at last the tired Specs seemed inclined to let his fears get the better of his courage. The minutes dragged terribly, and as the boys got very tired with that frequent thrashing of their arms to make the blood circulate, the storm seemed to ease off.

On comfort, the storm seemed to wear itself out, for the thunder became less since ceased to boom, and even the lightning came at more and more infrequent intervals. The rain, however, still increased in violence, but just as penetrating as before. By slow degrees, owing partly to the wind, the temperature was on account of the heat of their bodies, their garments dried, and they no longer had that unpleasant feeling of clammy feeling. This was some comfort to Specs, on which he commented more than a few times.

"There, look up yonder, Specs; I do believe that's a star!" cried Andy, suddenly giving the other quite a start for truth to tell Specs was half dozing at the moment, perhaps dreaming of home and its comforts.

It turned out that Andy had made no mistake, for presently they could see many of the heavenly throng of celestial bodies that swing thru illimitable space. The storm was over, and they could apparently count on having the benefit of the sun when day came along. And to shivering fellows not a little much of pleasure even in the bare thought of such a luxury.

From time to time one or the other of them would manage to snatch a brief nap, tho waking when the shivering fit came on again, at which times it became necessary to resume the gymnastic exercises until their arms grew weary.

Yes, it was a long night, probably the worst and most miserable either of those two lads had ever experienced in their young lives. But just as Andy had so philosophically said, every night must end some time or other, and each dragging minute counted.

It chanced that Specs was the one to notice the first peep of coming dawn away over toward that quarter to which most of his attention had been given during his waking hours, simply because home lay in that direction—the east.

"Andy, I do believe it's getting a shade lighter over there in the sky!" he exclaimed joyfully, at which the other took a hasty survey, and then duly advanced the cheering.

"It is the morning coming along, all right, Specs. And before a great while I'll have a chance to show you what I can do about starting a fire and getting breakfast for the crowd."

"Breakfast!" echoed Specs, in a tremulous voice. "You don't mean to say you expect to do anything along that line, when we're away out here on a desolate island in the middle of the Mississippi River?"

"Wait and see what happens," Andy told him. "I've been cudgeling my brains trying to figure out what the menu should be, and I think I've settled it. Of course, there wasn't very much choice, but then I come right down to the very another. First of all, tho, we want a fire. After I get one started, Specs, I'm going to support you the gun I am of the sacred biaze. Don't let it ever go out on peril of your life. And from the fact that there are plenty of trees on our island I should think the stock of fuel would be unlimited. So your job won't be an every day affair, but only when mine of supplying the grub was as easy."

When it actually became light enough for Andy to see to start the fire, he began to bestir himself. Specs watched him with more than ordinary interest; for did Andy succeed in doing so, he fully believed Andy capable of accomplishing whatever he undertook in that determined spirit of his.

Evidently it was no easy matter, this trying to come upon some dry stuff with which to start the fire, for the recent rain had soaked everything pretty thoroly. Andy had to cudgel his brain diligently, so as to remember how the old woodsman of the Daniel Boone type might have done under similar conditions.

"What in the wide world are you going to do with that big bowlder, Andy?" Specs finally managed to say, as he restrain his natural curiosity any longer when he saw the other shouldering a stone that would have staggered a weaker boy to have even lifted, much less handle with such ease

"Well, as we haven't any camp ax or hatchet, you remember, Andy, of mean to use this, so as to get some dry timber."

With that he gave the bowlder a sudden hunch, and it crashed down heavily upon a rotten tree stump, by sending the punk wood flying in every direction.

"Oh! now I see what you're driving at, Andy," cried Specs, "but you'll soak in all the way, and the heart of that stump is as dry as can be. It'll take fire beautifully, and I reckon we can make that flint and steel business go."

Andy laughed.

"Oh! I had mentioned that as a real last resort, you see, Specs," he went on to say. "If happens we're not yet reduced to that extremity, because I've got a little match-safe in my pocket hei Luckily it was fireproof, so the contents didn't get short when I was over there."

He soon had some of the dry stuff arranged, and went on with his preparations in the most careful and painstaking manner possible.

"You see we can't afford to take any chance of wasting a single match, because I'm sorry to say my safe only holds three of the same. Still, one ought to do the business, and we'll keep the fire going right along, once it starts."

Specs hung over him, anxious for the success of the experiment. After all had been arranged he fairly held his breath when he saw Andy take out one of those three precious matches. He had even

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gone to the trouble to fetch a very dry stone on which to rub the head of the match. What if it refused to flame up? Specs felt his heart beat tumultuously against its prison walls at the mere thought. He had known matches to act obstinately during damp weather, and refuse to take fire. It would be a bitter disappointment should Andy find it necessary to try a second match; and what if even the third and last should go back on them?

But there was Andy now, starting to give a quick movement of his hand. Specs with his heart in his mouth, figuratively speaking, heard the scratching sound; then to his intense delight he saw the head of the match burst into a quick flame; and when Andy hastened to apply the same to his ready tinder it took fire without any trouble.

"Hully for you, Andy!" gasped the relieved Specs, as he held out some of the best small wood he had been able to gather, so that the fire might be gradually built up.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO CASTAWAYS.

THAT'S certainly the finest fire I ever saw!" admitted Specs, after a while, as he hovered over the now crackling blaze, holding out his cold hands toward its genial warmth, and enjoying the sensation of actually having his trousers begin to lose that miserable chilly feeling.

"We think so because we've been yearning to have one for so long," Andy laughed. "After I get good and warm I'll start out to take a little look around. For one thing I want to make sure this really is an island, because neither of us is dead certain about that as yet, tho I guess there's mighty little chance otherwise."

"I hope, tho, you'll not be thinking of going any great distance away, Andy," suggested the other. "Of course you couldn't get lost, if this is only an island; but it'll feel pretty lonely while you are gone, with all that wind whooping it up thru the trees."

"Oh! I'll call out every little while, I promise you, Specs," Andy assured him. "And like as not I'll only be roaming along the shore on the leeward side of the island. That would mean the east coast, you know."

"Yes, the one looking toward home, of course," remarked Specs, trying hard to control his quivering lips. "I wonder what they are doing there now; and if poor mother is wild with grief because she fears she'll never see me again? That's the thing that hurts me most of all, Andy. I could stand any amount of pain, and grit my teeth and bear it; but whenever I try to imagine how she must be feeling, don't you know, it just unnerves me, and before I know it a tear is running down my cheek. I know it sounds babyish to say that, but then she's the best mother any fellow could have; and she's always worried because I've not been as strong as most of the boys."

"Well, don't let yourself think of home more than you can help, Specs," Andy urged him, not roughly, for truth to tell it gave him a stab whenever his own thoughts drifted back to a certain well-remembered house in Guilford, and he saw in imagination some beloved forms there, now sad and forlorn as they wrestled with their fears, and tried to hope for good news that was so long in coming.

Andy stalked away after he had said that. Perhaps, indeed, he did not want the other to discover that he was winking very fast for some reason or other. That was indeed a strange thing for so self-reliant a fellow as Andy Furdue to do; and Specs, on his part, once his suspicions were aroused, might have wondered at it.

Left to his own resources, Specs applied himself diligently to the task that had been placed in his charge. He hunted faithfully all around the immediate vicinity for such pieces of wood as in his estimation would make the best fuel. It was certainly jolly to feel the genial warmth of those crackling flames, and watch how they devoured the wood he from time to time fed them. So busily employed was Specs that he even forgot to let his thoughts wander toward the forbidden pasture. He did cast frequent glances out upon the broad river, however, and then looked long and anxiously up the stream in hopes of discovering some sign of a steamboat coming down with the current; but no such delightful sight rewarded his application.

Now and then he would hear the shouts of Andy, who kept his word about apprising the one in camp of his presence near by. From all Specs could figure out Andy did not seem to change his location to any considerable extent; and therefore he judged that he must be trying to secure some kind of food for that breakfast he had so confidently promised should be their portion.

Yes, and at the same point, Andy's cries all came from along the shore on the leeward side of the island. Just what he could stay there, of course, Specs, not being gifted with much knowledge concerning Nature's special favors, found himself unable to guess, so he concluded to wait until his comrade came back to the fire, when the mystery might be explained.

Lo! and behold, in due course of time Andy did make his appearance, and seemed to be carrying some weighty object under one arm. Specs looking closer was astonished.

"Hello, there! Is there a house on this island, then, and have you been making a raid on the culinary department, Andy? Because it strikes me that thing looks mighty like an iron pot you've got under your arm."

"It is an iron pot," laughed the other, "but I found it on the shore, where it must have been left by some party of fishermen long ago; because you can see it's got a crack in it. But since the lower half is sound, I washed it out nicely, and now it'll do to cook our stew in."

"Stew!" echoed the astonished Specs; "what in the wide world have you found that would make a stew, I'd like to know?"

"Take a look in my kettle, and see if you can tell what I've got here," Andy told him, mysteriously, at the same time holding out the precious old iron pot.

"Why, those look something like oysters!" exclaimed Specs, immediately. "Now, I've guessed it, Andy; they're fresh-water clams, such as we call mussels; isn't that it?"

"Just what they are, and dandies at that," he was told. "If the supply holds out, small chance of our ever having to go hungry here on this island. All we have to do is to go digging in the sand after them, where the water reaches in. Now, I'm meaning to eat some of these, and put the rest away to make a good amount; they're well cooked we feast, because mussels nutritious and almost as easily digested as salt-water clams."

"I wish I had a pocketknife, and I'd help you," said Specs. "After this I'm always going to carry one with me; yes, and a match-safe, in the bargain, that is waterproof. We've found that it's best to be on the safe side, and you never can tell when both of these articles may come in very handy. Whatever would we have done if you didn't have a knife, or if you had forgotten your match-safe?"

Finally all the mess of mussels, which Andy had taken from their shells before returning to the camp, had been cut up into small bits, so that they would cook the better. And once the contents of that humble old iron pot began to bubble under the magic influence of the heat, such a savory odor commenced to arise and fill the immediate vicinity that Specs could not sit still, but had to jump up every little while, and walk briskly around.

"Why, don't you know, Andy, it just sets me wild," he confided to the other. "I never was half so hungry in all my life as I am right now. Until I got the first whiff of your stew I didn't know that I was in such need of strengthening food. I feel as weak as a cat, and that's the truth. How much longer do you suppose it's got to boil like that, Andy?"

"Oh, you'll have to wait quite a little while, so the mussels can cook tender, for they're as tough as leather, almost. But in our present condition I don't think anything could hurt us. Occupy the time in collecting more wood, Specs, while I step back and climb a tree I noticed on a little rise not far inland. It'll make a good observation tower; and if we have to wait very long for a sight of a flag of distress, it ought to be from that same tree, because the pilot on any passing steamboat will be sure to look for it."

The iron pot had a bail that Andy made useful. He had planted two strong sticks, one on either side of the fire. These both had crotches at the top in which the ends of a stout green pole had been laid, and the kettle was suspended from it.

Specs always kept one eye on this operation, for he had a deadly fear that it might sooner or later catch fire, and being weakened would allow the pot with its precious contents to fall, thus losing their breakfast. But such a calamity never happened, for the fire failed to make any impression on the iron vessel.

After some time Andy came back

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again. Specs was so eager to begin work on the meal that he failed to notice something on the other's face that would indicate a recent discovery. But apparently Andy was in no hurry to tell about it, for he first of all experimented in order to ascertain how the stew was coming on.

"Another ten minutes ought to finish the job," he announced; "and now let's see how we are going to eat it. I've picked up some big shells from the beach below that might serve us. And here's an old rusty tomato can that must have been flung aside when emptied of its contents long ago. It doesn't seem to leak, and ought to be a sight better than nothing, to take the place of a plate or a bowl."

Specs found himself taking a vast amount of interest in all these novel methods for overcoming the lack of utensils. Really, there was a certain rude charm about it that he had never dreamed of before. With his appetite clamoring for food as furiously as happened to be the case just then, even a more fastidious fellow than Specs—which in times past it might have been difficult to find—would have forgotten to be particular about quality, and only feel concern over quantity.

As for Andy, he was right in his element. Doubtless often he mentally compared their situation with the great and only Robinson, after he was cast up on that famous island; only, of course, he and Specs would have no friendly wreck to visit from which they might take off raft-loads of supplies calculated to keep the grim wolf from the door.

When the shells and the rusty tomato can had been duly inspected, and found thoroly washed in many waters, and were pronounced fit to be used as receptacles for the stew, Andy set to work to dish up some of the latter. It required considerable dexterity, as well as strength, to handle that hot pot, and not spill a single drop of the contents; but he managed to accomplish this in good time, and so the two castaways sat down to enjoy the fruits of all this labor.

"Well, what's the verdict?" asked Andy, presently, after Specs had sipped at the contents of the biggest shell, and seemed to be enjoying himself first-rate.

"I tell you it's just splendid, that's what!" burst from Specs, as he turned a beaming face toward his chum. "I never would've thought just ugly old mussels could make such a glorious dish. I mean to have them often after this."

"But you may not be quite so hungry again, once you get home, and have your customary three square meals a day," warned Andy. "You know there's no sauce like hunger, and I know that one long sap for myself, when I complained at home, and was sent to bed without any supper. Ah, those were the days!" he added, smacking. But this is pretty old stuff, and it does go right to the stomach, alas."

Andy had been long enough to add enough water to make quite a pot of the mussel stew, so that it was more like "chowder," tho most of the customary elements of that well-known and highly appreciated dish were lacking. So both boys had enough and to spare. Indeed, they could not quite finish their savory mess.

"I don't want to be too greedy," explained Specs, when he had declined a sixth helping. "It would be too bad if one of us overate, and grew to dislike mussels as a regular diet; because most likely we'll have to subsist on 'em right along, until we are rescued by some passing steamboat crew."

"Think we'll be rescued after old Robinson, seems like," suggested Andy.

"Now what have you got in mind?" demanded Specs, looking at him curiously.

"Well, we were on a raft, you see, and we got thrown up on an island, didn't we? There were two of us instead of one; but later on Friday came to him. And once you'll be surprised to hear me say another strange thing has cropped up that makes me remember the cruel shock Robinson had that morning when he first discovered the plain imprint of a human foot on the sand of his island!"

At that Specs gave vent to a bubbling cry, half of astonishment and fear.

"Andy, do you really mean that you found a footprint on the shore, and made by a human being?" he demanded. And as Andy nodded his head in the affirmative Specs went on to say: "But then, of course, we can't be living on an island along the Mississippi, so we don't need to be afraid. Maybe some other poor wretch was cast away, and has been a prisoner for ever so long; or, Andy, can it be possible, do you think, that after all our efforts we've drifted, unwittingly, perhaps a fishing village, where we could find help, and hire some one to take us to the nearest railroad station? Do think about it, won't you, please, Andy?"

This most interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, subscribe now and send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you soon.

An Interrupted Honeymoon.

(Continued From Page 2.)

reeled. She suddenly swooned and lay prone on the snow-covered pavement.

And Bradlee, having finished his task, speeded home the triumphant in the hall by Ish's frightened maid.

"Mrs. Bradlee is gone!" she told him in tones that shook. "We've looked everywhere. She's not here."

"Not here!" he echoed, then used his lawyer's wit to probe for details.

His information soon crossed the police department of the city. With the precision and thoroness of a prairie fire the description of the missing girl ran. Each patrolman on his beat. Therefore, the bluecoat who lifted her in his arms and carried her to the nearest police station was aware of her identity. Within the half-hour she occupied the white bed in her cloistered room. Mrs. Bradlee and Mrs. Oswald sat at her side remonstrating, scolding and telling her something that first blanched her face, then stained it scarlet.

She, who could not recall her marriage, was told that it had been a fake. It seemed to shrivel in waves of flame. In that horrible moment she experienced the despair of a woman whose only consolation was that of one forever damned. She believed the sight of Bradlee would sear her very soul, would kill her outright. But he was required to stand at the spot by what she mentally termed her shame. For her there was no liberation, none! She knew that. For two weeks her mind was racked like a body in the Spanish inquisition, or beaumbed. harpoon in the nerves of a whale. For two weeks her mind was racked like a body in the Spanish inquisition, or beaumbed. harpoon in the nerves of a whale. Once Bradlee, longing to bring her peace of mind, blundered into her presence; but, terrified at the sight of him, she almost instantly retreated. His physicians, when questioned, gave little comfort.

"We'll save her life," they promised. "But that delicate brain destroyed by Nile fever will, probably, never be normal."

Tortured by this decision, apprehensive for his beloved one's life, he neglected his affairs while days and weeks dragged by. The time of separation and grief drew near, was at hand. Physicians of note were summoned and assisted Doctor Oswald in battle for two grueling days. As she lay half-conscious in the merciful twilight sleep, leaden hours merged into eternity. Her husband, suffering such mental agony as no pen can picture but once, paced back and forth in the lower rooms. He could hear above the passing to and fro of nurses and doctors, could detect the ominous odor of drugs. Like one drowning he reviewed his life, his courtship, his marriage, the dramatic ending of his honeymoon. When it seemed that he could endure no more a white-capped nurse came to the door and beckoned.

"You're wanted," she said.

He dared not question. With hurrying tread he gained the upper corridor, then steadied himself to enter his wife's room. Instantly his eyes sought the snowy couch, saw his wife's waxen countenance and her wide-staring eyes.

"Paine," she murmured, using his old pet name, "where am I, honey? Is this Cairo?"

He wanted to shout his relief. Hah was regarding him fondly from clear, untroubled eyes. The clouded months were swept away. She imagined they were in the Eastern city by the Nile. Her twining fingers clung to him. His arms embraced her. And the doctors, who had thus tested her sanity, smiled. Instead of two years their patient would only lose her memory of the preceding months. These would pass in a blank. She would never know what passed since her departure from Cairo. But there was the boy. She must be told of him. For in another room nurses bathed and dressed a lusty child whose features were a replica of Palmer Bradlee's.

Talking Slang.

"Henry, you will have to be more careful of the language that you use around the house," said Mrs. Lee, as she smoothed out the letter. "It's getting a very bad habit from you—I think only in terms of slang, and it's all your fault."

"Then you'd like me to cut it out—is that it?" drawled her husband.

"Cut it out is right," was the quick rejoinder. "What do you think I said yesterday when the minister's wife was selling cake, and the best cake she ever grows with them. Start right with a

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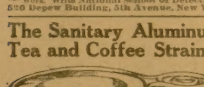
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Tarts and Ticklers

THE PESSIMIST FAMILY.

Johnny got a brand-new sled
That made him shout "Hurrah!"
A dream of pleasure filled his head—
And then there came a thaw.

Sister got a stunning gown.
With pride it made her smile,
Within the week she wore a frown—
The rags were out of style.

Brother got a motor car,
A beauty without doubt.
It hadn't traveled very far
Before a tire blew out.

Father got a block of stock,
His heart with hope did thump,
A rumor brought a sudden shock,
The family's in a slump.

His Gratitude.

There is a certain fellow into whose heart his mother has been for some time striving to instill the sentiment of generosity, which, to her regret, did not appear to be naturally present. The son of a poor family of the neighborhood she had particularly commended to her boy's consideration. The other day he came in with beaming face.

"You know Tom, that poor boy?" he said eagerly. "Well, I gived him half that box of candy you gived me."

"You are, mamma's own sweet little man!" the fond mother approved. "Was he grateful?"

"Oh, he 'preciated it, all right," the little fellow assured her. "He let me lick him, when two other kids could see, an' tomorrow he's goin' to come round by the school and let me lick him right in front of everybody, for the other half of the box."

No Whip Needed.

The proprietors of two rival livery stables, situated alongside each other in a busy street, have been having a lively advertising duel lately.

The other week one of them stuck up on his office window a long strip of paper bearing the words:

"Our horses need no whip to make them go."

This bit of sarcasm naturally caused some amusement at the expense of the rival proprietor, but in less than an hour he nearly turned the tables by pasting the following retort on his own window:

"True. The wind blows them along."

One Man's Reply.

Lady Lecturer on Woman's Rights (waxing warm)—"Where would man be if it had not been for woman? I repeat it—looking round the hall—where would man be if it had not been for woman?"

[illegible]

Suspicious.

Willie—"I guess my dad must have been a pretty bad boy."

Tommie—"Why do you think so?"

Willie—"Because he knows exactly what questions to ask me when he wants to know what I have been doing."—Puck.

A Motorist's Resentment.

"Have you studied economy in the home?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I'm tired of paying out all this money to keep up a cooking range, instead of spending it for gasoline."

Class by Itself.

"Thimblewit is going to be a Chautauqua star."

"Does he propose to instruct the audiences or merely to entertain them?"

"Neither. He will play selections on a xylophone."

Teacher—"Willie, your face is but half washed!"

Willie—"Yes'm, but today is only a half holiday."

A Sure Cure.

A young woman who thought she was losing her husband's affection went to a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter for a love powder. The mystery woman told her:

"Get a raw piece of beef, cut flat, about an inch thick. Slice an onion in two and rub the meat on both sides of it. Put on pepper and salt, and toast it on each side over a red coal fire. Drop on it three lumps of butter and two sprigs of parsley, and get him to eat it."

The young wife did so, and her husband loved her ever after.

Labor-saving.

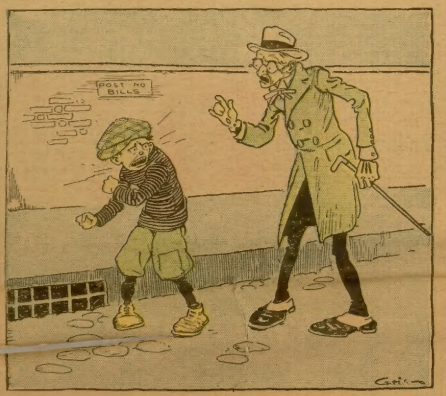
Northern Visitor (in Georgia)—"I see you raise hogs almost exclusively about here. Do you find they pay better than corn and potatoes?"

Native (slowly)—"Wall, no; but yer see, stranger, hogs don't need hoeing."

Never Again.

Young Lady (to army surgeon)—"I suppose you will marry after the war, doctor?"

Doctor—"No, my dear young lady. After the war I want peace."



Professor—"Gracious! My boy, what language!"
Kid—"Aw! Wot do you say when your best marble rolls down a sewer?"

The Wrong Card.

A commercial traveler on his first trip called upon a well-known chemist. He was nervous as he put his hand into his pocket and drew out a card.

"I represent the [illegible]," said he.

"You are fortunate," replied the chemist.

The traveler was encouraged.

"I think so, sir," he said, "and the chemist who trades with us is even more so. My firm has the finest line of cosmetics in the world."

"I should have thought it," slowly responded the man of medicines. "Her complexion looks natural." And he handed back the photograph which the young man had given him in mistake.

The traveler didn't wait for his order.

A Long Wait.

Policeman (giving evidence)—"After being ejected from the cinema, he was discovered with a large bouquet in his arms on the doorstep of the back entrance to the picture palace."

Magistrate—"Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behavior?"

Policeman—"His speech was very indistinct, yer worship, but from what I could gather 'e was waiting to see Mary Pickford 'ome."

Is It Coming to This?

Stranger (arriving at scene of railroad wreck)—"Good heavens! What are you all waiting for? Why don't you rescue the passengers?"

Spokesman—"We are waiting for the moving picture men."

Unfamiliarity.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Maybe," said the plain person, "it only seems strange because it is so much scarcer!"

Was Judge at Baby Show.

"You are saluted by most of the men you meet, Hanks, and I never notice a woman recognize you," said a friend to a prominent M. P.

"No; I haven't a woman friend in town," replied the politician.

"How's that?"

"I was once judge of a baby show here. The women whose baby I gave the prize to moved away. She was the only friend I had among the fair sex in this community; all the rest are my enemies."

The Idea!

"There is no doubt about it. We have a democratic country."

"Yes?"

"A lawyer who was accused of insulting Congress replied that it couldn't be done."

A Long Wait.

"We've got all kinds of mineral lands in Mexico so rich you can see the metal in the dirt. But we've got to wait for settled conditions."

"You are sort of resting on your ores, eh?"—Judge.

The Idea!

"Do you play very much nowadays, Miss Soleil?" he asked, as they seated themselves after a waltz.

"Only occasionally," she replied. "I have neglected my music shamefully of late and am getting quite out of practice."

"I was passing your house last evening," he went on, "and stood at the gate for a moment to hear you play. Instead of getting out of practice, I think you are improving—if any improvement is possible," he added politely.

"Last evening?" she questioned.

"Yes—about nine o'clock."

"You are mistaken. I was at the opera last evening," she said in a strained voice, as she accepted an invitation to dance from another gentleman. "It was the man tuning the piano you heard."

Never Annoyed Again.

The story is told of a staff officer at the War Office who was much annoyed by one man who wanted a job as messenger at the headquarters. After the sixth or seventh visit the officer sent for the man who then held the position.

"Did you see that man, just now, who has been here so many times?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the messenger with a grin.

"Do you know what he wants?"

"No, sir."

"Well, he wants your job, and if he gets in to me again he will get it."

The officer never saw the applicant again.

Taken Internally.

"What has become of my almond cream?"

"Your almond cream [illegible]"

"Yes, my complexion [illegible]"

"I thought that was [illegible] you got for the party last night, so I spread it on the sandwiches."

Two Ways to Push.

Church—"Is work on your new house being pushed?"

Gotham—"Oh, yes."

"But I heard you expected it to be completed long ago?"

"That's right. The work is being pushed backward."

Smart Fellow.

"I notice Slathers often refers to himself as the 'people's candidate.'"

"Yes, but he's no fool."

"No?"

"He didn't start to talking that way until he got the permission of the machine to run for office."

Putting His Foot in It.

She—"Don't be downhearted, Richard, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry five years from now."

He—"Oh, I don't care for myself, but how about you?"

A Mean Slam.

"I lost a bunch of jokes today," said a professional humorist. "It was something of a loss to me."

"And no gain to the finder, either. He probably won't know what they are."

The Cop.

Uncle Sammy's full of trouble,
Trying to maintain the peace.
He is doing duty double,
World a-trying to police.
Era the European slaughter
He can scarcely even strive to stop,
Comes a wail across the water,
Cuba howling for the cop;
Costa Rica, San Domingo,
Hayti, Mexico—they yell
For "police" in varied lingo—
(Line deleted? Very well.)
Blamed by all, in fullest measure,
For upholding peace and right,
Uncle Sam would find it pleasure
To resign and join the fight.

His Error.

"Do you play very much nowadays, Miss Soleil?" he asked, as they seated themselves after a waltz.

"Only occasionally," she replied. "I have neglected my music shamefully of late and am getting quite out of practice."

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"On what day of the year do women talk the most?"

"On the longest day, of course."

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READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Living high has laid many a man low.

You can't always judge the dinner by the price.

If a man's sins do not find him out his wife will.

What grafters need is insurance against exposure.

If it's a boy baby another domestic crysis is averted.

The average girl would rather be in love than be happy.

If we didn't have to work there would be no fun in loafing.

Don't expect to keep your friends if you give them away.

When any one swipes your umbrella it's a sure sign of rain.

Many a would-be poker player made a mistake in his calling.

Women are extremists; they are either

[illegible]akes the cake is one who can bake good bread.

Do everything person tells you to do—unless conscience vetoes it.

Few people care to be reminded of the little sins they like to commit.

Speechless amazement is one of the few things that go without saying.

Many a man who owes his success to his wife doesn't owe her much at that.

It is said that marriage will change a man's views quicker than anything else.

When a periodical drinker begins to get loaded he should come to a full stop.

A man domiciled in a village boarding-house has no use for the local newspaper.

The way to make a woman happy is to make her believe that she is making a man very unhappy.

A bad boy seldom inherits his badness from his father. The old man usually hangs on to all he has.

And a girl's ideal chaperon is a female who has seen enough of the world to know when not to look.

A woman always thinks she is better than other women and a man thinks he's no worse than other men.

You may have noticed that when some men promise you things they always qualify the promise with a great big if.

The man who does nothing but sit around and wait for a dead man's shoes never cuts much of a figure in the financial world.

There are times when we like to meet enthusiastic people—and there are other times when we are just as anxious to get away from them.

If the girl with whom you are in love refuses to marry you, ask her to take the job of curing your faults, and then hurry away to get the marriage license.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Beads—wooden, steel and porcelain—are very much used for edgings.

Figures and forms cut out of leather and kid are applied to hats with loose and irregular embroidery stitches done in colorful flosses.

Huge silk tassels trim many separate skirts and one piece dresses. On separate blouses and jackets the tassel idea is used, but here the quaint ornaments are smaller.

With many blouses and dresses for spring the closing is effected in the back, so we should not be surprised to see the fronts of these garments prettily trimmed with hand embroidery.

Some of the new "tonneau" skirts are arranged in sets of plaits, three together, and then again three. These plaits are stitched down near the hem and the "tonneau" effect is obtained by the slight stiffening of the plaited material on the inner side.

The curving collar is one of the new ideas which is certain to "catch on" and which is even now seen on the new second coat or blouse intended for early spring wear. These collars are rather like, in shape, the large petals of a water lily; they form a complete frame for the face and are always invisibly fastened.

Nearly all the new spring hats and toques show high, very often full, crowns, but elaborate trimmings are conspicuous by their absence. Paradiennes have become so much attached to the ultra-smart untrimmed hats decorated only with handsome hatpins, that they do not feel inclined to give them up.

A new ostrich boa has appeared on the market which is supposed to take the place of the fox neckpiece for those who cannot afford the fur or do not care for wear it. The new feather gets warmer. It is of white ostrich, with a tail, as it were, of ostrich hanging on one side and a rosette of white satin ribbon on the other side to take the place of the fox head. Ostrich is predicted to have more than the usual vogue when furs are laid aside.

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

To join lace to embroidery buttonhole the edges together instead of seaming them. It will be found that this makes a much smoother seam and will launder nicely.

At almost any shop where needlework designs are sold one can purchase perforated patterns for transferring to stockings. As a rule the design is supposed to start at the instep and extend upward for six or eight inches. It is best to hold a darning ball inside the stocking while transferring the embroidery. Or one might rip open the back seam until the embroidering is done, provided the seam is neatly and tightly sewed again when the embroidery is finished. While it is customary to use silk for the work, there are extremists who bring out the design in beads. The only objection to the latter is that they may be difficult to launder.

HEALTH NOTES.

One who suffers from perspiration should make a practice of scrubbing the body with hot water and pure soap at least once a day, and if possible twice.

A lotion which has been found to heal chapped hands very quickly is prepared from two parts of glycerin, two parts of rosewater and one part of citric acid.

Learn to be comfortable. Under no conditions wear shoes too small. Worse than spoiling your feet, they are ruining your nerves. Never wear a collar that chokes nor an armhole that is too tight.

To make albumenized milk for an invalid take one-half cup of milk and the white of one egg. Put white of egg into a tumbler, add the milk, cover tightly and shake until it is thoroly mixed.

A sensitive skin grows rough and red at the least contact with the wind, and nothing is more effective in its preservation than an application of witch hazel, which not only soothes, but heals and whitens the skin, and is most inexpensive.

A simple tonic that will help to arrest falling hair is made by putting half a pound of rosemary into one pint of distilled water, and stewing very slowly for several hours. Then strain thru flannel, and when cold add a quarter of a pint of bay rum. Apply a little to the roots of the hair two or three times a week after brushing and massaging the scalp.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

If a little salt is sprinkled in the bottom of the frying pan, the fat will not splash over the stove.

Dip a piece of cheesecloth in kerosene, hang in the air for forty-eight hours. A better duster could not be desired.

To reheat cold biscuits or rolls, roll them in a dampened paper and place in the oven until the paper scorches. They will taste like freshly baked ones.

If rising bread is covered with a cloth that has been wrung out of warm water instead of a dry cloth it will help it raise wonderfully.

An old black sock, or stocking, is the best thing to use when one is sponging off a garment of dark woolen goods with any cleaning fluid. There is no lint from it, and it is absorbent and soft. A supply of them should always be on hand, if the men of the family "run" to navy blue or black suits for ordinary wear.

RECIPES.

OYSTER LOAF—Use a round loaf of stale bread; cut off the top crust and scoop out all the inside, being careful not to break the crust. Break up the crumbs very fine and fry in butter, tablespoonfuls hot butter. Cook together a tablespoonful butter and two tablespoonfuls flour; add two cupfuls of milk and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Season with half a teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter teaspoonful pepper and set aside to cool. Drain about a pint and a half of oysters (saving the liquid for soup or flavoring sauce, etc.). Put a layer of the cream sauce in the loaf, in this a thick layer of the oysters, sprinkling with one-quarter teaspoonful salt; then scatter over chopped sweet green peppers, then a layer of the fried bread crumbs. Fill the loaf in this way, having top layer crumbs. Bake in moderate oven for half an hour.

APPLE PUDDING—Four eggs, four apples, one and one-half cupfuls bread crumbs, eight tablespoonfuls sugar, pinch of salt, three-fourths cupful of sugar. Peel, core and chop the apples finely, add the bread crumbs, salt and grated nutmeg. Beat the eggs well and use them to moisten the pudding. Turn into greased dish, cover closely and steam two hours. Serve with hot wine sauce.

CHOCOLATE ALMONDS—Break sweet chocolate into pieces and melt in a double boiler. Take each piece with the almonds and roast in the oven. Then dip the almonds into the melted chocolate and drop on buttered paper. If the chocolate is too thick add a few drops of hot water.

SHE WAS UPSTAIRS.

A Chicago man tells of calling on a young lady very early one spring morning. He had come to ask her autograph album and was waited upon by the young lady a morning spin thru the country. Upon answering the young lady's niece, answered the bell.

"Is your auntie in?" asked the man.

"Yes, air."

"That's good. Where is she?"

"She's upstairs," said the little girl, "in her nightie, looking over the banisters."

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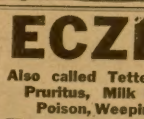

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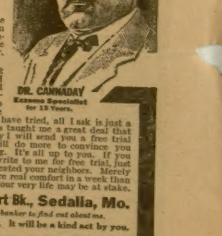

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